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WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH WASHINGTON?

THE question has arisen of late in a multitude of observant and reflective minds, with increasing frequency and earnestness: What is the matter with Washington? It is impossible to ignore the impression—perhaps we might say, to escape the conviction—that there is something radically wrong with or at the Capital of the Nation. There is a lack of leadership. There is a lack of administrative efficiency. Public affairs are not conducted in a manner satisfactory or creditable to a people who pride themselves upon being supremely businesslike, upon having a Government that is distinctively practical, and upon having a Capital that is preeminently an official headquarters. We must remember that our Government was never designed to perpetuate a dynasty or to exploit a caste, but solely to do the work and to transact the business of the people. We must remember, too, that Washington stands unique among the great capitals of the world in that it was specially created and has been consistently maintained for the purposes of a seat of government and no other. Other capitals are great centres of population, of industry, of commerce, of learning, or what not. In none of these respects does Washington rank above third rate among the cities of America. As the political capital it is supreme. From every other point of view, it is inconsiderable.

In such circumstances we should naturally expect Washington to be an epitome of the political life and governmental genius of the nation. It should display the highest possible national spirit and the most intense and unwaver-

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ing patriotism. Moreover, the Government which was conceived and designed purely for business purposes and which is thus happily situated in an atmosphere and environment of its own creation and control, should exhibit and exercise the highest possible degree of efficiency. Yet that such is the case with either the city or the Government, probably nobody would venture to assert. That something much like the contrary is true, is a belief which has become strongly though reluctantly rooted in the public mind.

The actual condition of affairs is described by the late Secretary of the Interior in his valedictory address. His diagnosis of the ailment of Washington is of peculiar interest and authority, because it is made after many years of residence and governmental service in that city, the last seven of which have been spent at the head of that vast and multiform establishment which is, as he himself truly says, "the most distinctively American of all the Departments," and also, it is pleasant to add, because Mr. Lane, though foreign-born, is of all men in public life one of the most keenly and vitally American, and most discriminatingly aware of the faults as well as of the virtues of our system of government and of the manner in which it is actually practiced.

To the character of the city he pays a tribute which we are glad to believe is well deserved. He is, of course, speaking of official Washington, which is all that it is pertinent to consider; the great community composed of administrative office-holders—the President and his myriadfold executive staff. That is the real, the permanent, Washington. It, says Mr. Lane, is "rich in brains and character. It is honest beyond any commercial standard. It wishes to do everything that will promote the public good." That is an engaging description. It is a supreme tribute, not alone to official Washington but equally to the Nation whose Capital that city is. If the political metropolis is thus wise and pure, the people at large must be of corresponding merit.

Amid such prevailing virtues of mind and heart, however, the Government is inefficient, almost beyond credence or description. This Mr. Lane himself practically concedes. Certainly innumerable recent experiences have strongly confirmed it. The Railroad Administration during the war was certainly not a shining example of success. The Coal Administration was at its very inception marked

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with a ghastly blunder. The Shipping Board and the Aviation Board doubtless had difficult work to do, but the difficulties afford no adequate excuse for the crass incompetency that was displayed, or for the disregard of sound business principles. The control of the sugar supply was inept beyond all pardonable limits. The maladministration of the sacred work of the Vocational Education Board is an unspeakable scandal. The postal service has for years been wallowing in a slough of insolent incapacity. These are a few of the salient points. There are a thousand minor details which mark our Government as one of the least efficient and businesslike and at the same time most costly in the world.

Mr. Lane tells us why it is so. A machine made of the best materials in the world would be useless if its parts were not properly put together. The Government machine at Washington is not properly put together. It is marked with faulty organization, with misdirected energy, and above all with a lack of the spirit of loyal cooperation and confidence which is essential to success. For the rank and file, for the great mass of civil servants, there is need, says Mr. Lane, of "quicker promotion or discharge, and a sure insurance when disability comes." Because of this need, or of its nonsatisfaction, there is on the part of this multitude of employes "an unwillingness to take responsibility," even the responsibility which naturally and logically pertains to their places. That in turn pushes the responsibility higher up, and places it upon officials among whom "ability is not lacking, but it is pressed to the point of paralysis because of an infinitude of details." The heads of bureaus and departments, and the higher administrative officials, are overburdened with details of decision which should be borne and disposed of by their subordinates. That leaves to the higher officials too little time and strength for studying the problems of the time and for creative and constructive statesmanship.

Thus far, all who know Washington well will agree with Mr. Lane. There will be general agreement, too, that these unfortunate and unprofitable conditions are susceptible of abatement, largely by a proper application of the principles of the Civil Service system and by more judicious organization of the departments. The greater evil, however, lies further back, and is much more formidable though not,

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of course, invincible. Mr. Lane could not, in the very nature of the case, expose it, save by indirection; perhaps by unconscious or unintended indirection. But his words make it quite evident. "Everyone," he says, "seems to be afraid of everyone. The self-protective sense is developed abnormally, the creative sense atrophies. Trust, confidence, enthusiasm—these simple virtues of all great business—are the ones most lacking in government organization."

It would be difficult to describe or to imagine a more pernicious state of affairs, or one more certainly fatal to administrative efficiency; or, we may add, one more foreign to the genius of republican government or more inexcusable and discreditable. Under a monarchical despotism such things are natural. Under the Borgias, the Stuarts or the Bourbons, the very breath of life was saturated with suspicion. Spies were on every hand; Star Chamber methods determined the issues not merely of official preferment but of actual life and death. But such things have no place in a republican government, which is a government of laws, not of men, and in which the very head of the State is as much the servant of the people and as much amenable to their will as is the humblest clerk or doorkeeper in the departments. That such conditions prevail at Washington, Mr. Lane frankly declares. In that declaration he tells us what is the matter with Washington. The reason why such conditions exist, he leaves us to divine, save as he himself suggests it with an epigram.

"Statesmen who are politicians, and politicians who are not statesmen." That is the gist of the whole matter. The pregnant phrases point unerringly to the responsible source of this lamentable and all but disastrous state of affairs—or of administrative organization, but of personality. There is no triter truism of physics than that a stream cannot rise above its source. It is equally true that no organization, commercial or governmental, can rise above its head. It must, it inevitably will, take its spirit from its head. We shall not impute to Mr. Lane the intention of saying so, but the fact is, as the American Nation feels and sees and knows, that for the last seven years the head of the Washington governmental organization has been a statesman who is a politician, and who has surrounded himself—with a few exceptions, Mr. Lane himself being one of the most conspicuous—with the politicians who are not statesmen.

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It is true under this Administration, to an extent never before known in the history of America, that every man, even to Cabinet Secretaries, is, as Mr. Lane says, "held to details, to the narrower view, which comes too often to be the department view or some sort of parochial view." "We need," continues this clear-sighted critic, "more opportunity for planning, engineering, statesmanship."

But that is precisely what the President denies to his associates and subordinates, and is resolutely determined that they shall not have if he can prevent it. To his autocratic and arrogant mind, for others to take responsibility is assumption; for them to take initiative is usurpation; for them to differ from him is treason. With the narrow, martinet spirit of a high-school principal, he has himself insisted on taking every initiative and making every decision. He has brooked no "chief executive officers," as the Constitution calls them, no "Constitutional advisers" as they have come to be popularly called, whose minds would not obediently and unquestioningly follow along with his own. When a President violently resents and denounces as unwarranted and illegal and as usurpation of his prerogatives the coming together of department heads for mutual counsel in his absence, and berates as disloyalty the expression of an opinion at variance with his own, it is inevitable that trust, confidence, enthusiasm, shall be lacking. There can be no incentive to, even if there were opportunity for, planning, engineering, statesmanship. It is an unescapable result that "the creative sense atrophies." If the President thus ostentatiously discloses his lack of confidence in his Cabinet Secretaries, nothing is more natural than for them to lack confidence in their bureau chiefs, for the bureau chiefs to lack confidence in their chief clerks, and so on down the grades, until the humblest doorkeeper lacks confidence in his assistant.

We repeat that we would not do Mr. Lane the possible injustice of suggesting that he for a moment meant to indict the President of responsibility for the deplorable conditions which he so accurately portrays. His loyalty to the President and his Administration, in circumstances of almost intolerable discouragement and humiliation, has been generous and chivalric above all characterization. But he has told the truth about affairs at Washington, and truth is inexorable and unsparing. Had he gone further afield, had he recalled his earlier memories of official Washing-

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ton, he might have added another chapter to his story. He might have testified that it was not always as it now is. The minor evils, such as we have described as corrigible by legislation or administrative order, may have existed, though not in so great degree as now. The major evils, the one predominant evil, from which all others proceed, did not then prevail. The spirit of fear and of cringing was not then abroad. There was trust, there was confidence, there was enthusiasm. The "simple virtues of all great business" were not of all most lacking from the Government, for the reason that there was a man at the head of the Government who himself possessed them in a high degree, and who had the fine and precious faculty of imparting them to others.

In some respects, the minor ones, official Washington remains the same year after year, or changes slowly, by almost imperceptible degrees. In the major respects, of spirit, temperament, genius, it changes radically and even suddenly, with each change of Administration, according to the head of the Administration. Mr. Lane's diagnosis of the ailment which afflicts the National Capital and the National Government is not that of a chronic infirmity, nor of a lesion which is essentially inherent in our form of Government. It is rather that of an acute disorder, which has prevailed for about seven years,—a short period in the life of a nation,—but which is morally certain to pass away after another twelve months.

STATE RIGHTS TODAY

THE popular phrase describing the reaction against prohibition "swinging towards the Wets," is expressive, though inaccurate. Indeed the terms "Wet" and "Dry" are quite misrepresentative. The suggestion that everyone who disapproves the monstrosities of the Volstead bill or challenges the legitimacy of the Eighteenth Amendment is in favor of unlimited indulgence in strong drink is simply an impudent falsehood; as false as the counter-pretence that every advocate of those measures is a sincere believer in and practiser of temperance. It is perfectly notorious that many of the strongest and most efficient advocates of temperance in drink as well as in other things are opposed to the Amendment and its enforcement act, and that many men of gross intemperance of habit have

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supported those measures for the sake of political or other advantage. The fact is that the original question of drink, of what a man may drink and how and where he may drink it has been completely overshadowed by other questions of far greater importance, involving the fundamental principles of republican government and of human rights.

It is because of these questions, and not through a mere desire to drink, that there is so tremendous a reaction against prohibition and, in the phrase of the day, so marked a "swing toward the wets." That movement manifests itself in various ways. We may pass by the action of the individuals and corporations formerly engaged in the manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquors, as taken primarily in self-interest. It may be, and we believe it largely is, that gross injustice is being done to them, in the practical confiscation of their property and the certain destruction of their business without compensation. Such wrong to them is the more flagrant because their business, thus destroyed, had been not merely recognized by the Government as legitimate but actually encouraged and promoted by it as praiseworthy and desirable. There is thus an important question of equity involved in their case. Yet even in that view their action is not the most significant part of the present movement.

Much more impressive is the course of several of the State Governments, which have instituted suits before the Supreme Court of the United States to determine not only the legality of the methods by which the Eighteenth Amendment was alleged to have been adopted but also the legitimacy of the making of any such amendment to the Constitution. The view taken by these States is earnestly held by millions of thoughtful citizens of other States, who see in the amendment what they believe to be an unwarrantable infringement upon the rights which the Constitution guarantees to the States or to the people. They hold that police powers and the regulation of intra-state industry and trade are among the powers reserved to the States or to the people; that the Federal Government is entitled to intervene in them only in the respects and to the extent specifically authorized by the Constitution; and that the Constitution does not give it any authorization in this case. If by Constitutional Amendment the authority of the State over the manufacture and sale of beverages can be transferred to the

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Federal Government, then the State authority over anything else can be similarly transferred, and all State rights are at an end.

There is, we believe, a widespread and intense conviction to this effect. Men see that State authority over State affairs is at issue. There is nothing intrinsically in the trade in beverages that sets it apart, as subject to separate treatment by the law. If the Federal Government can interfere with a State's authority over it, it can similarly interfere with its authority over candy shops, or grocery stores, or shoe factories, or cotton mills. There is no function of State or local control with which the Federal Government may not interfere. That is a state of affairs which certainly was never contemplated by the makers of the Constitution. They took pains to forbid the States to do certain specific things, among which regulation of the traffic in beverages was not included. They also took pains to authorize the Federal Government to do certain specific things affecting the States, among which regulation of the traffic in beverages was not included. And then they finally took pains to add that "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people." It is firmly believed by a large proportion of thoughtful men, probably by a considerable majority, that as the power to regulate the liquor traffic is not, even by implication, delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, it is reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. That conviction is the cause of a very large part of the present revolt against the Eighteenth Amendment. It is felt that this amendment is a violation of Article X of the Constitution, which we have just quoted; that if the amendment stands, valid, then Article X must be abrogated; and that if Article X is thus abrogated, every one of the powers reserved to the States or to the people is abolished. That is something to which not even the most resolute opponent of the old theory of State Rights is willing to subscribe. The threat of it transforms the opponents of that old theory into champions of the new theory—which is in fact the oldest of all, being the theory of the Constitution.

The State Rights theory of Calhoun involved the right to nullify those acts of the Federal Government which were

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specifically authorized by the Constitution, and to withdraw from the Union. That theory has long been dead and can never be revived. The State Rights theory of to-day is not aggressive, but defensive. It is simply an insistence upon the right of the States to the powers specifically granted to them or specifically reserved to them by the Constitution. Upon that, the strongest advocates of National Sovereignty may and do consistently stand. Upon that ground, men are turning by millions against an assault upon the Constitutional rights of the States as inimical and, in case of its success, as fatal, as was the assault of the South Carolina Nullifiers upon the Constitutional rights of the Federal Government.

The other great issue which has arisen, and which is causing the so-called "swing to the wets," is that of the rights of the individual. Nothing could be more significant than the votes of hundreds of rural communities in numerous States, on the subject of licensing the liquor traffic. They have turned wholesale from the "dry" side to the "wet." In States where, by virtue of local option, prohibition has virtually prevailed for many years, towns and villages by hundreds have voted strongly for license, perhaps for the first time in a generation. Thousands of men who have hitherto consistently voted against licensing the liquor traffic, have this year voted for it. Why? It is not because they are interested in the manufacture or sale of liquors, for they are not. It is not because they want to get drunk, or even to drink intoxicating liquors, for they do not; a large part of them being total abstainers by practice and from choice. It is not because they are students of the Constitution, and perceive in the prohibition act an assault upon its guarantee to the States. It is for a simpler and a stronger reason than any of these.

It is, in brief, because they are believers in personal liberty, and they see in the present measures one of the most insidious and lethal attacks thereon which history records. They see that if the Government can dictate to them what they shall drink and where they shall drink it, it may with equal right dictate what they shall eat and what they shall wear. They see that if it can interfere with their ordinary property rights in a beverage, it can similarly interfere with their property rights in any other article. If it can forbid a man to take a bottle of wine from his own cellar to

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a picnic in his neighbor's woods and drink it there, it can forbid him to take a hamper of sandwiches to eat on the same occasion. If it can make it a penal offense for him to give a spoonful of brandy to someone who has fainted by the roadside, it can forbid him to give a cup of coffee and a slice of bread to a hungry wayfarer. If it can forbid him to crush out the juice of apples and grapes from his own trees and vines, to serve as a beverage on his own table during the winter, it can forbid him to can peas and tomatoes to serve as food. In brief, if the guarantee of personal liberty, made in the Bill of Rights, is abrogated, the Rights of Man become a mockery.

The sentiment of Home Rule is also strong. It has been powerful, ever since those primitive "town meetings" which were the germ of republican institutions in America. It remains as potent today as ever it was. There are uncounted multitudes of men who have voted and would continue to vote against licensing the public sale of intoxicants in their own communities, who resent an attempt to take that right away from them and to vest dictatorial power in the general government. That is one of the prime reasons why hundreds of communities which have for many years consistently voted "No License," because option in the matter was vested in them, have this year voted "License," as a protest against the denial of that option.

It was repeatedly pointed out, as soon as the Eighteenth Amendment was declared to have been adopted, that it was supremely desirable for the enforcement of it to be undertaken with all possible discretion and consideration, so as to cause a minimum of friction and to interfere to the least degree with the personal liberty and domestic habits of the people. Those admonitions have been flagrantly and aggressively disregarded. The Andersons and Dalrymples and Ropers and others have seemed deliberately and defiantly to try to make the enforcement of the law as irritating, as offensive and as oppressive as possible. Their attitude has been that of Goths and Huns or Tartars, subjecting a conquered country to the yoke. They have acted upon the principle that those who disagree with them have no rights which they are bound to respect, and that anyone whom they suspect of breaking the law is to be considered and treated as guilty unless and until he can prove his innocence. If they had wished and intended to make the prohibition

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regime odious, they could not have gone about it more effectively.

In these circumstances, the "swing to the wets" is to be regarded with sincere thanksgiving. It is not a movement toward drunkenness, but toward temperance. It is not a movement toward license, but toward ordered and lawful liberty.

It is a swing toward maintaining the Constitutional rights of the States and of the people.

It is a campaign for the vindication of the Rights of Man.

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THE LEAGUE AT WORK

BY X.

[*The following article embodies the first detailed and authoritative information concerning the organization and functioning of the League of Nations. This information is the first account permitted to appear in any American magazine.*—THE EDITOR.]

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS came officially into being when the ratifications of the Treaty of Peace had been exchanged between Germany and the Allied and Associated Powers. Within six days of that exchange the Council of the League, created under the Covenant, met in Paris and on the 16th of January began its deliberations. The first meeting was to a large extent formal, but it was properly made the occasion of certain speeches on the aim and purpose of the League and it fulfilled the first duty entrusted to the Council by the Peace Treaty, which was to appoint commissioners as part of the body which was to draw up the exact boundary line of the Saar Valley area.

The second meeting, which took place in London on the 11th of February, had a much wider agenda and dealt with each item in it by a series of resolutions prefaced by explanatory speeches by different members of the Council, according to what is known Continentally as the "rapporteur" method. The Council also on this occasion assumed the responsibility for calling a conference of the representatives of different nations to consider the problems of exchange which are now vexing the civilized world.

At neither of these meetings was the administrative machinery of the League formally considered. Under the Covenant by which the League was established, a Permanent Secretariat is provided for (Article 6) which is to

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comprise a Secretary General and "such secretaries and staff as may be required." The first Secretary-General is named in the Annex to the Covenant, and it is provided that he shall appoint the secretaries and staff with the Council's approval, the expenses of the Secretariat to be borne by the Members of the League in accordance with the method of apportionment hitherto followed by the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union.

The Secretary-General named in the Annex, is, as is generally known, the Honorable Sir James Eric Drummond, K. C. M. G., C. B., who has acted as the chief Private Secretary to two British Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs and has also been one of the principal Private Secretaries of the British Prime Minister.

During the past few months it has been the duty of the Secretary-General, in anticipation of the Council discussion (which, as already stated, has not as yet taken place) to prepare a provisional organization. This, when fully completed, will enable the League of Nations to avoid the danger from which previous international institutions have so seriously suffered, that of failing to fulfil expectations through lack of efficient administrative machinery.

The permanent staff of the Secretariat consists of some sections about which there can be no difference of opinion. The Secretary-General himself must be provided with efficient subordinates; there must be a Finance Director to control and regulate the Financial Administration of the Secretariat; there must be a Registry, a Library, a section for the issue of documents and information, and other similar departments. These are matters which cannot be in dispute, and the setting up of a provisional organization of this kind has naturally been undertaken by the Secretary-General as a matter arising out of the business of his office.

The permanent Secretariat of the League, however, has a wider aspect than this. It must create an organization which will be the means of expression for the international activities, many and various, which will make up its work. And, though only two public meetings of the Council have taken place, this enterprise has already been begun. The League in fact is evolving a method of business which is simple, which will provide a permanent organization from which further developments in each direction of international action can proceed, and which will fit itself into the

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provisional scheme already sketched out in its elements by the Secretary-General. The essence of this scheme is the establishment of permanent bodies of expert advisers in the various spheres of international action, whether they be political, economic, medical, judicial, or of any other kind. By a series of resolutions, the Council of the League will appoint, and has to a certain degree already appointed, committees of experts each of which will become the nucleus of a permanent body under the League for the study and organization of some one or other of its activities.

Take for example the question of Public Health. The ultimate object is to set up a permanent international body to deal with this most important subject.

To bring such a body into being there is sought the advice and assistance of a number of eminent experts. These will be drawn from various nations and will doubtless include, among others, representatives of the Central Red Cross organization whose headquarters are in Geneva, and which at the time of writing is holding its first general world-wide Council in that city. These experts will be charged with the duty of drawing up and submitting definite proposals for the consideration of an international conference held under the auspices of the League. The conference may consist of either the Council of the League itself, or, it may be, some other body with authority delegated to it by the League Council. When the resolutions have been approved by this conference they will finally, in the form of draft conventions, be submitted for approval to the various Governments that are Members of the League, and when sanctioned by these Governments the proposals become to all intents and purposes international laws.

It is clear that the permanent body which shall conduct enquiries, frame resolutions, remit these proposals to the Council or the Conference, transmit them in the form of conventions to the Powers, supervise the putting into execution of the laws proceeding from international action and stimulate further development and progress, must be a section of the Secretariat.

Whatever provisional organization there is, therefore, in the case of Public Health under the scheme of the Secretary-General must be regarded as a nucleus around which will grow an institution formed under the inspiration of the Council and through the Council of the Members of the

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League, that is to say, of the free nations of the world. It is, therefore, important to note that in so far as the provisional organization of the Secretariat has been attempted, it has meant no more than a series of strings round which organizations which draw their vitality from the nations themselves should crystallize.

Assuming the duties of his position in May last, Sir Eric Drummond set about securing, one by one,—hand-picking so to speak,—the men whom he desired to have associated with him. The public services of the civilized world were at his command. Next in importance to himself come his Under-Secretaries-General, four in number. Their association with him is of such an intimate character as to enable each one of them to keep in constant touch with the work of the Secretariat as a whole. Each is competent, on occasion, to act as his Deputy on important missions or during the Secretary-General's absence from the Seat of the League. In so far as ranking is concerned, the Under-Secretaries-General are on an equal footing; any one of them may be called upon in the absence of the Secretary-General to act in his place.

At all meetings of the Assembly, and of the Council, the Secretary-General acts as Secretary.

He presents in printed form, in French and English, a memorandum upon each subject that comes up for consideration. In the preparation of this material he is assisted by a number of Directors of Section each of whom is at the head of a group of experts specially qualified to prepare reasoned statements upon given subjects.

Up to the present, ten such Sections have been created, and further departments to deal with questions such as regulation of armaments will undoubtedly be added as the work of the League develops. These sections are:

1. Political.
2. Legal.
3. Economic and Financial.
4. Administrative Commissions and Minority Questions.
5. Transit and Communications.
6. Information.
7. Mandates.
8. International Bureau.
9. Registration of Treaties.
10. Social Questions and Health.

A brief review of the work, for the performance of

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which each of these sections has been organized, may not be without public interest.

1. THE POLITICAL SECTION

This department serves primarily as the means of communication between the Secretariat and the several national Governments. It is expected to secure through the national appointees all information of political importance.

In so far as may be deemed advisable, the information so gathered will be communicated, in whole or in part, to the States that are members of the League.

It is specified in the pact that "any circumstance whatever affecting international relations which threatens to disturb either the peace or the good understanding between nations upon which peace depends" is a matter of proper League enquiry, and it is in the furtherance of this service also that the Political Section will occupy itself.

A distinguished Frenchman, closely associated with the preparation of the Peace Treaty, has been invited to act as Director for the Political Section. He will probably divide his department upon geographical lines, selecting as the head for each group of states a national from the region in question. Thus the Political Section of the Secretariat is likely to become a department of considerable dimensions, containing eight or ten geographical groups. Investigation through travel and enquiry may be found to be one of the best methods to secure first-hand information for presentation by this section.

2. LEGAL SECTION

The primary duty of the Legal Section is to advise all other departments of the Secretariat with reference to the juridical aspect of their work.

The drafting of Treaties and conventions for submission to the Assembly, and the reconsideration of Treaties as provided for under Article 19 of the Covenant, will also fall within the scope of this department.

A Permanent Court of International Justice is about to be set up by the League of Nations. When it has been established it will be through the Legal Section that the Court will be kept in contact with the Council of the League.

As the Director of this most important department, an international lawyer and writer of world-wide repute, a Hollander, has been selected.

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3. ECONOMIC AND FINANCIAL SECTION

Through the instrumentality of this section, it is expected that extensive information will be collected, summarized, and compiled, with regard to economic conditions throughout the world. A conference of International Statisticians has already been held under its auspices and plans considered for the development of statistical information. The use of the economic boycott, as described in Article XVI. of the Covenant, will form the subject of careful study by the expert economists of this section and a report on the subject will be presented to the Council.

Closely associated with this section will be the organization, now being created as the result of a Council resolution, to bring together in conference the financial experts of the world with a view to considering what public and private action may be taken to alleviate the present exchange crisis. Out of this conference a permanent body may come into being, but at this writing no definite anticipations can be announced.

4. ADMINISTRATIVE COMMISSIONS SECTION

Under the Treaty of Peace, provision is made for the naming of a number of Commissions to administer certain reserved areas and to perform other special duties mentioned in the Treaty.

Upon the League is laid the responsibility of seeing that these directions are carried out in the spirit in which they were framed. A number of permanent commissions will be set up, the Administrative Section acting as the liaison office between them and the League. This Section *inter alia* will deal with the Commissions for the Government of the Saar Basin and for the control of Danzig, and possibly with similar authorities in areas on the Adriatic and the Dardanelles.

Through this section also, the League will be kept informed as to the carrying-out of the provisions inserted in the several treaties for the purpose of protecting the rights of Minorities.

As Director of the Section dealing with Administrative Commissions a Norwegian lawyer, with wide experience as adviser on questions of commercial policy, has been chosen.

The Council of the League of Nations at its first meeting afforded this section ample opportunity for rendering immediate service.

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5. TRANSIT SECTION

A permanent organization will eventually have charge of questions concerning communication and transit which may arise between nations. A plan for the creation of this body is to be worked out on lines laid down in a Resolution of the Council passed at its second meeting. When this is accomplished the Transit Section of the League will serve as the connecting link between a Permanent Transit Commission and the League of Nations.

It is expected that a well-known Italian authority on such subjects will become director of this section.

6. INFORMATION SECTION

This department is designed to provide information on all aspects of League activities, to superintend the issue of official communiqués, and to organize the press arrangements at the meetings of the League Assembly.

7. MANDATES SECTION

Under the Covenant it is provided that certain areas, peopled by the less advanced races, shall be entrusted for administrative purposes to the care of Members of the League. The nations upon whom such responsibilities are laid will exercise authority as "mandatories" on behalf of the League. The character of the mandates will differ according to the degree of development of the people whose tutelage is thus assumed. For the supervision of these administrations a permanent body will need to be created.

It will be the duty of such an organization to receive and examine reports from the various states holding mandates, and to report to the League of Nations whether the stipulations laid down in the mandates are being observed.

Probably the Secretary of the Mandates Commission will be at the same time Director of the Mandates Section of the Secretariat, thus serving as a channel of communication and a bond of union between the two bodies.

Sub-sections may be formed in this department to deal with such matters as the traffic in arms, the trade in opium and other harmful drugs, and with native questions generally. In fact, any matter which concerns the proper protection of the less advanced races may properly be included among the activities of this section.

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8. INTERNATIONAL BUREAUX

When the question of international co-operation was under consideration at the Peace Conference, it was felt that many international bodies, each working for a specific object, might profitably be brought under central control; hence provision was made in Article XXIV. of the Covenant that all International Bureaux already established by general treaties might be placed under the direction of the League, if the parties—that is to say, the contracting states to such treaties—should consent.

It is estimated that there are no less than 60 public and nearly 500 private international bureaux, commissions, and other similar organizations. There will probably be long continued negotiations as to the exact relationship of these bodies to the League. Whether they come under the direction of the League or not, it is clearly desirable that close contact between them and the Secretariat should be established and maintained. It is probable that the Japanese Under-Secretary-General will be chosen as Director of this section. When the schism of war, which has rent most of these organizations in twain, shall have become in a measure healed, it is probable that many of these presently independent international bodies will either come under the direction of the League or permit their work to be brought into full harmony with its operations.

9. REGISTRATION OF TREATIES

" Every convention or international engagement entered into henceforward by any member of the League shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat and shall as soon as possible be published by it." So runs the Covenant, and a special department for carrying this out is to be set up within the Secretariat in the near future.

10. INTERNATIONAL HEALTH OFFICE

It is in contemplation to bring into early existence an International Health Office organized upon lines somewhat similar to those already referred to in the matter of Labor, and a resolution was adopted by the second Council to this effect. Meantime, provisionally, a section of the League has been formed to keep in touch with this body under the direction of a lady who was attached to the British National Health Society as Lecturer and Demonstrator before

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the war. This section may be subsequently extended so as to become a department of a larger Social Questions section that will cover a wider field.

THE QUESTION OF ARMAMENTS

According to Article IX of the Covenant, a Permanent Commission is to be constituted to advise the Council on the execution of the provisions in the Treaty relating to the reduction of armaments and upon military, naval and air questions generally. A liaison section will almost certainly be necessary between this Permanent Commission and the League Council. It has not yet been found practical to make any appointment to this section.

INTERNATIONAL LABOR OFFICE

The Peace Treaty provides for the establishment of a permanent organization for dealing with questions relating to Labor upon a footing similar to that of the Secretariat itself. The First General Labor Conference under the Treaty was held in Washington in November last, and, in conformity with its decisions, there has since been set up an International Labor Office, with M. Albert Thomas as Director. This body will be closely linked with the League of Nations Secretariat, and all the expenses of the Office and of the meetings of the Conference or Governing Body are paid for out of advances made from the consolidated funds of the League. As far as possible the League organizations which are appropriate—for example, the Finance Section, the Information Section and others—will be common services, acting for the Labor Office as well as for the League.

ESTABLISHMENT

In order to provide the Secretary-General and the Sections that have just been described with the clerical assistance required to enable them to carry on their work, a department known under the military term of the "Establishment" has been created. This comprises a pool of bi-lingual stenographers, a duplicating staff, a distribution office, and other services. The League will probably in due course own and operate its own printing plant, whence the "Official Bulletin" and other publications will issue.

The library of the League is being developed upon modern lines, and for purposes of reference upon political,

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social and economic questions will probably not be excelled by any in Europe. It is at present in charge of an American library specialist, Miss Florence Wilson, formerly of Columbia University, who also organized the library of the American Peace Commission in Paris.

It is as yet too early to prophesy regarding the location or character of the buildings which it is expected will be ultimately erected at the permanent seat of the League. Suffice it to say that they will be no doubt in keeping with the International character of the organization, and with the importance and magnitude of the undertaking for which they will provide a home.

Not only is it expected that the Assembly of the League of Nations will meet annually as an International Parliament, but there will be many conferences on special subjects attended by delegates from all parts of the world, carried on under the auspices of the League. To enable the representatives of the various countries to exchange ideas and to communicate freely with one another, a staff of skilled and experienced Interpreters and Translators will be required. This has already been organized in connection with the Secretariat, and the difficulty of language will be overcome for all such international gatherings.

FINANCIAL ADMINISTRATION

Naturally the question will be asked, How and by whom will the cost of this large and varied organization be defrayed? Article VI. of the Covenant states that:

> The expenses of the Secretariat shall be borne by the members of the League, in accordance with the apportionment of the expenses of the International Bureau of the Universal Postal Union.

The "Bureau International de l'union Postale Universelle" was created in accordance with the Convention of Rome passed on the 26th of May, 1906, and, since then, several times amended. With headquarters at Berne, this bureau undertakes to act as a clearing-house for the international postal problems of the world. Almost without exception the civilized nations of the world are members of this Union, participate in its congresses, abide by its rulings, and contribute towards the cost of the common service. The proportion payable by the members to the common fund is determined with due reference to the size, importance and wealth of each Power. The states are rated accordingly.

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There are seven categories. The larger Powers, such as Great Britain, the United States of America, and France, are in the first class. Each of these is reckoned as liable for 25 units. The second class is rated at 20 units, the third class at 15 units, the fourth class at 10 units, the fifth class at 5 units, the sixth class at 3 units, and the seventh class at 1 unit. The total number of units represented by all the members of the Union is computed and each state is liable according to the ratio between the total number of units and the number of units represented by that state. Thus if, as was the case with the U. P. U. in 1918, the total number of units was 798, and the United States, as a first-class Power, was liable for 25 units, then the share of the expenses of the U. P. U. which the United States is called upon to provide is 25/798 of the total sum required.

Now, applying this method with strict exactness to the Powers that have signed the treaty, on the assumption that all will become members of the League, and reckoning for sake of argument the first budget of expenditure of the League of Nations at £250,000 (or, at present rate of exchange, $1,000,000) we arrive at the following result:

	Class	*Units*	*Amount*
United States of America	1st	25	£16,234
Belgium	3rd	15	9,740
Bolivia	6th	3	1,948
Brazil	3rd	15	9,740
Great Britain	1st	25	16,234
Canada	1st	25	16,234
Australia	1st	25	16,234
South Africa	1st	25	16,234
New Zealand	6th	3	1,948
British India	1st	25	16,234
China	1st	25	16,234
Cuba	6th	3	1,948
Czecho-Slovakia	4th	10	6,494
Ecuador	6th	3	1,948
France	1st	25	16,234
Greece	5th	5	3,247
Guatemala	6th	3	1,948
Haiti	6th	3	1,948
Hedjaz	7th	1	648
Honduras	6th	3	1,948
Italy	1st	25	16,234
Japan	1st	25	16,234
Liberia	7th	1	648
Nicaragua	6th	3	1,948
Panama	6th	3	1,948

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ordinary legislative bodies; and, to crown their system of representative government, they called into being for the first time the constitutional convention, a body composed of carefully selected men fitted to perform this specific task.

In like manner, in framing the Constitution of the United States, the founders had the wisdom to provide that in the responsible work of making treaties with foreign nations,—which they dignified by including treaties in "the supreme law of the land,"—power should not be entrusted to a single person, even though he might have been chosen as head of the nation. On the contrary, express provision was made for the "advice and consent" of a body of men possessing knowledge and experience in such matters. Not only this, but even in this body a great preponderance of opinion was made necessary before such consent could be given.

For this caution there was a double reason. It was necessary to guard against misadventure, not only in the interest of the country as a whole, but to secure by an equal representation of the States the rights and the interests of each one of them. When it is considered how possible it would be for a single person, if the power were exclusively in his own hands, to impose upon the nation contractual relations with foreign Powers which, though advantageous to one or several portions of the nation, might be extremely detrimental to others, it is evident that this division of power was not not only wise and just, regarded as a principle, but certain to be insisted upon by statesmen far-seeing enough to realize the immense consequences involved in the exercise of the treaty-making power.

It is, therefore, not a little disconcerting that a Chief Executive of the United States, sworn to obey the Constitution in which such foresight is expressed, should for a moment be tempted to disregard so important a provision, and it is much more surprising that he should attempt in any manner or degree to thwart its operation. Having conscientiously performed the part assigned to him by the only authority on the subject, he might reasonably be expected to leave his co-partners in the process of treaty-making to the free and untrammelled performance of their part.

Although the participants in the treaty-making process have often in the course of our history as a nation differed widely in their views of the expediency of proposed treaty

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engagements, the constitutionally authorized procedure has never until recently been departed from. The Senate has modified treaties to a point at which it was necessary to abandon them or negotiate the acceptance of changes, and the President has not only yielded to such changes but undertaken fresh negotiations; but never has a treaty been submitted to the direct action of the electorate as a means of forcing either the Senate or the President to yield to the other. For such direct action the Constitution, which is clear and specific in delegating final authority in the treaty-making process, has made no provision, nor does it appear even to have been contemplated as a possibility.

When, therefore, President Wilson, having personally negotiated a treaty involving a reversal of the traditional policies of the United States, extending far beyond the usual conditions of making peace, and even setting up a mechanism of super-government capable of acting with and upon sovereign States in a manner which subordinates the constitutional powers of Congress, and having failed to obtain the consent of the Senate to its ratification, appeals to the electorate as a means of enforcing acceptance of the treaty, he is proposing a course of action which is extra-constitutional, anti-constitutional, and legally futile. It is extra-constitutional, because the "great and solemn referendum" to which he makes appeal is nowhere provided for in the Constitution of the United States; it is anti-constitutional, because it is a resort to a procedure which sets aside the explicit and final constitutional authority for making treaties; and it is futile, because a popular vote on the subject, if favorable to the ratification of the Covenant of the League of Nations would have no binding legal force without a formal amendment to the Constitution. Until that is accomplished the Senate cannot be legally compelled to ratify the treaty; and a majority of the members, believing as they do that the unmodified Covenant of the League of Nations is in conflict with the Constitution, could not conscientiously yield to a constitutionally unauthorized procedure and give their advice and consent to ratify the treaty so long as the Constitution they have sworn to support remains unchanged.

The proposal of a plébiscite, therefore, raises two interesting questions: (1) What would be the legal or moral value of a majority popular vote on the subject? and (2) What would be the effect upon the system of constitutional

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and representative government of resorting to such a method?

The President proposes to force the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles, including the Covenant of the League of Nations, without a change, by a plébiscite in connection with a presidential election. Having publicly declined to accept the action of the Senate, he demands a popular vote supporting his defiance of the Senate's constitutional prerogative.

His position on this point is unmistakable. He is willing to have the treaty ratified only in the form in which, "in his own name and by his own proper authority," he signed it at Paris. In his letter of November 19th, 1919, addressed to Senator Hitchcock, the leader of his party, he said: "I sincerely hope that the friends and supporters of the treaty will vote against the Lodge,—that is the Senate majority,—resolution of ratification." On January 8th, 1920, in a letter addressed to the Chairman of his party's National Committee, he made his attitude still more explicit in the following words:

"Personally, I do not accept the action of the Senate of the United States as the decision of the Nation.

"I have asserted from the first that the overwhelming majority of the people of this country desire the ratification of the treaty, and my impression to that effect has recently been confirmed by the unmistakable evidences of public opinion given during my visit to seventeen of the States.

"I have endeavored to make it plain that if the Senate wishes to say what the undoubted meaning of the league is, I shall have no objection. There can be no reasonable objection to interpretations accompanying the act of ratification itself. But when the treaty is acted upon, I must know whether it means that we have ratified or rejected it.

"We can not rewrite this treaty. We must take it without changes which alter its meaning, or leave it, and then, after the rest of the world has signed it, we must face the unthinkable task of making another and separate treaty with Germany.

"But no mere assertions with regard to the wish and opinion of the country are credited. If there is any doubt as to what the people of the country think on this vital matter, the clear and single way out is to submit it for determination at the next election to the voters of the Nation, to give the

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next election the form of a great and solemn referendum as to the part the United States is to play in completing the settlements of the war and in the prevention in the future of such outrages as Germany attempted to perpetrate."

The President refuses to accept the advice, and he demands that the treaty be ratified without the consent, of the Senate of the United States. Unable to dominate its action or to obtain its assent by argument, he declares that the Senate must take the treaty as it was written, or leave it. The Senate's advice and consent are then to be ignored. It may, if it pleases, offer its "interpretations," but these are to have no authority. In no case are they to be inserted in the act of ratification. They may "accompany" it as casual comments, but there must be no alteration in its meaning. He understands perfectly that if such comments coincide with the plain meaning of the text, they are superfluous; and if they do not coincide, they would be ridiculous.

Even after the plain intimations already given that the accession of the United States to the League of Nations with the Senate's reservations would be gladly accepted by the Allied Powers, the President attempts to warn against even the slightest reservation regarding the Covenant by declaring that "we must face the unthinkable task of making another and separate peace with Germany"; when he knows that, as Germany is not a member of the League, and has had nothing to do with the formation of it, she would have nothing to say regarding it. There is not in the entire Treaty of Versailles a single line that prevents the League, which possesses the explicit right of self-amendment, from making any changes its members may think it expedient to make in its powers or its conditions of membership.

Seeing clearly that, without a means of escape, responsibility for preventing the ratification of any treaty must fall upon himself, unless he recognizes the constitutional rights of the Senate, President Wilson is now looking for an avenue of retreat. He finds it as Louis Bonaparte found it in the form of a plébiscite; and, to serve a double purpose, he affirms that "the clear and single way out is to submit it [the treaty] for determination at the next election to the voters of the Nation, to give the next election the form of a great and solemn referendum."

On his part, this is an ingenious proposal. On the one hand, it is a desperate attempt to test the continuation of

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the personal leadership of his party; on the other, whatever the outcome, the result could be utilized as a means of escape from the responsibility which the Allies and the history of his administration will place upon him, if now that he has created the present international situation, he cannot make good the promises made in Paris, but by his own act prevents the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles.

Secluded from contact with the present condition of the public mind, as Mr. Wilson is, having so long disregarded his electoral slogan of "common counsel," as he indisputably has, and recalling the triumphal journeys in which he was once the object of so much popular adulation, it was not unnatural that he should cherish the belief that he could greatly embarrass his opponents by confronting them in an electoral campaign. In 1918 he stood almost alone in believing that the majority of his countrymen would gladly make him their "unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad." They had made him a dictator during the war; would they not follow him also in peace, and even renounce, as they had so long held in abeyance, their party affiliations in order to do so?

After the support the President has had from prominent Republican leaders in his international adventures, why should he not entertain the hope, being of an inspirational type of intelligence, that the multitudes who have sent telegrams and resolutions to the Senate urging the prompt acceptance of the League of Nations, and especially those who have paid for them and for the apostleship that inspired them, although hitherto attached to the Republican party, would gladly continue the same high and holy mission in an electoral campaign?

I do not doubt that Mr. Wilson understands, however,—and this is greatly disturbing to the knowing among his followers,—that there would be a large defection from his own party columns, in the event of his candidacy in order to obtain a victory for an unmodified League of Nations by his triumphant reelection to the presidency. By adding promises of another sort, he not improbably thinks that he could still carry an election; and he knows that no other candidate would be anxious to stand on a platform peremptorily committed to the unmodified League.

But more is involved than a final test of leadership. The projected reorganization of the world is languishing. To

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stand once more before the world as an "unembarrassed spokesman" would be an unprecedented victory, but at present Mr. Wilson finds himself in an extremely embarrassing position. He has demanded a "great and solemn referendum" to force upon the Senate a treaty which it will not accept; and yet he has himself threatened to withdraw the treaty, and to cancel all his efforts for peace, if the action of the Supreme Council does not please him.

History will ask, Who is responsible for the refusal to make peace? Mr. Wilson would put the responsibility, if he could, on the Senate; but the Senate is anxious to make peace, and is ready to ratify a treaty of peace that will leave the institutions and the liberties of America unimpaired. It is, in truth, very anxious about it. If the President refuses to accept the advice and consent of the Senate as to the terms of peace, will he not be responsible for a failure? He thinks, however, that he sees a way to place the responsibility elsewhere.

The situation reminds one of the advice Kaiser William II gave to the late Czar of Russia after he had lost the war with Japan. Let others, he advised, bear the odium of the disappointment caused by the failure of the war through letting them take the responsibility of making peace! Hide behind your people by letting them have their way! A plébiscite is a double resource for an autocrat. If it sustains him, he becomes a hero. If it decides against him, he receives applause for yielding to the will of the people. It is a great game, in which every loss is a gain, because even defeat affords a new opportunity of escaping the odium of having broken pledges too adventurously made.

Apart from the President, the only persons who want "a great and solemn referendum" are the so-called "Irreconcilables," who wish nothing so much as to defeat the treaty. Do they not see that they are playing into the President's hands? Without a plébiscite either he himself must defeat his own treaty or accept a modification of it that would make it safe for the country and its institutions. The "Battalion of Death" honestly believes, and its judgment is no doubt correct, that a referendum would result in disapproval of the unmodified treaty. But would that disapproval include a disapproval of the reservations also? Would that be a victory of American nationalism, for which the "Irreconcilables" profess to stand? Do they really wish that there

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shall be no treaty, or that there shall be henceforth no international association? They might by raising this issue divide the country, but they would lose on that platform. There must be some kind of a treaty. There must be some kind of better international organization. The people may not know precisely what either should be, but it is certain that they will demand both a peace with Germany which other nations will help to sustain, and a world ruled by law.

If there is to be a plébiscite, it must be upon alternative propositions. What are they to be? If the President could force a vote on the simple questions, this treaty, or no treaty; this League, or no international organization; and could make it a party issue, that would be in itself a victory for him. Even if he were defeated, he could say, "I did the best I could. I am now relieved of further responsibility. I bow to the will of the people."

But the issue cannot fairly be thus stated. The real issue is, This League, or a better international organization in which the United States can heartily cooperate.

If the subject is to be forced into party politics, this is the only form it can justly take. The political parties in the United States cannot be aligned on any other ground. They may by violent procedure be divided, but the opponents of President Wilson's attitude can never be united on the alternative of this treaty or no treaty. An attempt to force this would be an alliance with the President's unwavering supporters.

Events have made it evident that the President's devotion to the Treaty of Versailles and the Covenant of the League of Nations is by no means steadfast. He has clearly intimated to his former colleagues in the Supreme Council at Paris that, unless his authority is recognized and his decisions are complied with, he will withdraw the treaty from the Senate. He has not hesitated to say this, even though he would have to "face the unthinkable task of making another and separate peace with Germany"! A treaty with reservations, the President professes, he will not have; but the policy of those acting under his orders is not clear. While Mr. Wilson is making his protest against reservations, his principal spokesman in the Senate,—not altogether "unembarrassed", it is true,—while contending that an amendment would kill the treaty, has not hesitated to offer one under the cover of a reservation. Whatever the motive, the

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fact is indisputable. On February 26th, Senator Hitchcock introduced the following as a substitute for a proposed revision of the reservation on domestic questions:

"That no member nation is required to submit to the league, its council, or its assembly for decision, report, or recommendation any matter which it considers to be a domestic question, such as immigration, labor, tariff, or other matters relating to its internal or coastwise affairs."

Senator Brandegee inquired if the Senator did not consider this really an amendment to the treaty, "in that it changes the treaty provision as to all the other signatory Powers as well as ourselves." "All we are trying to do in the reservation," he continued, "is to fix our duty under the treaty; but the Senator's reservation—if that is the proper designation of it—changes the treaty provision as to the duty of all the signatory Powers as well as ourselves." Senator Hitchcock admitted that his reservation "changes the treaty," but he thought the change would be "pleasing to the other nations"! Senator Lenroot then observed: "There is no Senator upon this floor who has declaimed louder against amending the treaty and sending it back to the different nations than has the Senator from Nebraska, and yet the Senator from Nebraska now offers to the Senate a clear amendment of the treaty that affects the rights not only of the United States, but attempts to change the rights and privileges of every member of the League as fixed by the treaty, and after they have ratified the treaty." He then asked, "Does not the treaty provide that the League itself shall determine what are domestic questions?"

To this Senator Hitchcock answered, "That is a dubious question. I doubt whether it does." Whereupon Senator Reed inquired if the Senator from Nebraska would sign a treaty of whose meaning he was doubtful; and Senator Smith of Georgia affirmed, that the formula proposed by the Senator from Nebraska was "a clear amendment of the treaty." But he did not stop with that. Having so far deserted the President's representatives in the Senate as to wish the treaty ratified with reservations, Senator Smith said, speaking of Senator Hitchcock's amendment: "I do not think it wise now for us to undertake to amend the original document. We have all conceded that reservations are the only mode by which the Senate will vote for such an amendment now, and to present it as a substitute for a reservation

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is to offer something that the Senator from Nebraska knows will be killed, and almost amounts to joining the irreconcilables in hindering action."

If the Senate should now, as the Senator from Georgia suggests, burden the treaty with amendments altering for other nations the engagements already agreed to and ratified by them, and they should decline to reopen formal negotiations for revision, the President would no doubt insist that the Senate had not only made reservations limiting the obligations of the United States,—which under the established procedure of diplomatic practice it may do without rejecting the treaty,—but had refused to accept the treaty with any modification that can be made, and had therefore rejected it altogether. If, as appears, the President already has ground for being distrustful of the result of the "great and solemn referendum," he might welcome such a reason for declaring that it was the Senate that had made ratification impossible. He would then feel relieved of the responsibility of himself withdrawing the treaty, as he threatened to do if his will did not prevail in the Serbo-Italian settlement.

The reaction of the President's political party to his idea of a plébiscite has not met his expectations. It is on this, as well as on other matters, undoubtedly divided. Perhaps he would, after all, prefer another way out of the situation he has created for himself. If the responsibility for a failure to make peace could be thrown upon the Senate, that would, in appearance at least, save him from the reproach of having made to the Allies pledges which he now so easily threatens to withdraw.

The President's attitude on the Adriatic question is almost a declaration that he believes his associates in forming the League of Nations cannot be depended upon to do what he considers should be done unless his authority is continually brought to bear upon them. Does even the President believe that any league could long endure on this condition? Can what the European Powers think expedient always be thwarted by the intervention of a non-European Power? Would not reciprocity require that American questions should be subject to the decisions of non-American Powers? Do the American people desire either to exercise and take the consequences of exercising controlling authority in European affairs, or to submit to have a foreign authority

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exercised upon themselves, as reciprocity would require? Can Mr. Wilson really believe that the American people are going to give him by plébiscite a right to use this power over European nations with the implied right of European nations to exercise the same control over American affairs?

Seeing the futility of any such expectation, reliance upon a plébiscite to accord him such power is likely to be, if it is not already, a vanished hope even in the mind of the President himself.

One thing is, however, clear. The President cannot be permitted to urge the importance of a "great and solemn referendum" on the acceptance of the Treaty of Versailles, and especially the League of Nations, when he himself contemplates throwing overboard the whole work accomplished at Paris, simply because his colleagues in the Supreme Council will not accept his personal dictum as final. He may be right, or he may be wrong, in his Adriatic doctrine. That is not the question. The essential point is that what Mr. Wilson asks by this proposed plébiscite is that his personal will shall dominate, not only over the Senate of the United States, but over the Supreme Council and the Council of the League of Nations also. With what consistency can he urge that our sacred honor as a nation is pledged to ratify this unmodified treaty, or that it is our duty in any sense to do so, when he can so lightly threaten, and may at any future time decide, if he has the power, to throw to the winds everything that was done at Paris, because he does not personally approve of some particular European arrangement?

But there are other considerations regarding the consequences of a "great and solemn referendum." Supposing it to be carried into a general election, what would be its legal effect?

Whatever the result of the election might be, it would not affect either the personal convictions of the President or of the Senate. Either might legally refuse to act otherwise than they were ready to act before, and might properly hold that the decision affected only their successors. When the President was last elected, the chief slogan of his party was, "He kept us out of war"; but did that eventually control his action? In the election won with this watchword there was nothing that compelled him to act otherwise than he might deem it expedient to act. The constitutional powers

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of the Government in all its branches remained unchanged by the result of the election.

As to the moral effect of a plébiscite upon this question, we know from experience what it would be. All the forces that have already been utilized either to secure the ratification of the treaty or to defeat it would continue to be employed in the political campaign, but upon a more extensive scale. What are some of those forces?

There could hardly be imagined a better illustration of the distracting character of direct popular action in the management of foreign affairs than that afforded by the controversy over the League of Nations in the United States. For several months Senators were besieged with letters, telegrams, and the resolutions of various associations, —from sewing circles to labor unions and church organizations,—inspired to this action, to a great extent, by an expensive public propaganda, demanding that the Senate should immediately ratify a treaty which few of the importunists had ever read and the real purport of which still fewer understood. A critical examination of these communications would show that, almost without exception, they represented no accurate knowledge, no deliberate consideration, and no responsible authority. They were, no doubt, in most instances prompted by good motives, among them a sincere desire for peace and the organization of means for the preservation of it in the future, but without any adequate appreciation of the liabilities to be assumed under the form of covenant proposed or the consequences involved to the lives and fortunes of the American people.

In the communications sent to the Senate intended to influence its action, serious argument based on the interests of the American people was conspicuously absent. Appeals to the emotions were abundant, but there were few attempts to convince the intelligence by an impartial analysis of a document which at first frankly called itself a "constitution," thus avowedly setting up a new political entity for the control of international relations. Most of the statements made were merely declaratory of the personal views and desires of those who made them, unsupported by reasoning connected with the world of facts. Whole societies were grouped as being in favor of a treaty which few of the members had studiously examined, often represented by the vote of a small number presuming to act for the whole member-

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ship, and cases were not wanting where the resolution actually adopted was denatured and distorted in the published report in a manner that misrepresented the action actually taken.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended in the manufacture and expression of opinions that were utterly valueless from a scientific point of view. It was admitted that the success of this effort to influence by the weight of numbers the decision of a responsible legislative body was exactly in proportion to the amount of money available for this purpose; and this was explicitly asserted in a frantic appeal for more funds to "save" the Treaty of Versailles from being modified, as the independent judgment of a constitutional partner in the process of treaty-making might, in the national interest, consider necessary.

The greatest danger now menacing this Republic is the control of the Government by well-organized, persistent, and vociferous private groups of men and women aiming to acquire the power to influence the action of public officers; yet the whole fabric of justice rests on the responsibility of those entrusted with authority. Having been freely chosen by the ordered procedure legally provided, a public officer in the United States is not properly subject to the orders or the intimidation of any group of citizens, however powerful; and he cannot better display his fitness for discharging a public trust than by ignoring, or if necessary resisting, any attempt by any group, for any purpose, to deflect him from the resolute and conscientious performance of his duty as a public officer in matters confided to his action, however numerous and respectable that group may be.

If a few thousand theorists could deflect the action of a public officer by a vigorous propaganda of their private views on a question of foreign policy, and cause him to abandon his convictions through fear of personal or party unpopularity, what might be expected when millions of men, determined to secure their private advantage, even by changing the form of Government, combine to accomplish their purpose?

However opinions may differ on this subject, it cannot be controverted that the control of foreign relations by plébiscite would be an abandonment of the constitutional system now in force in the United States. It is right and proper

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that there should be full and free discussion of every subject of public importance on the platform and in the press, including the relations of our country to foreign nations; and this is necessary to the creation and expression of intelligent public opinion, which in legitimate ways should and will exercise an influence upon legislation. But direct action, an attempt to bind public officers against their will, to act in a particular manner not prescribed by law, is quite a different matter. That is the substitution of a new form of government for one already established. If it can be proved that direct action on foreign relations is preferable to existing constitutional arrangements, the next step would be to amend the Constitution, and that is what the demand for a plébiscite really signifies; but, if this step is to be taken, it should not be accomplished as an act of revolution, but in the manner which the fundamental law prescribes, a condition which a plébiscite in an electoral campaign does not fulfill.

Honestly formulated, the President's proposal of a "great and solemn referendum" submits the question, "Shall the President of the United States conclude treaties without the advice and consent of the Senate?" The next step might easily be, Shall the President make laws without the sanction of Congress?

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

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ITALY IN THE BALKANS

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

BY every law of economic interest Italy's first care after the Armistice should have been to seek conditions of a *really lasting* peace among her Balkan neighbors, and a general entente favorable to the extension of her trans-Adriatic commerce beyond the few trading-posts, scattered along the fringe of a hostile hinterland, which she now precariously controls. Instead, the Italian Government chose to be envious of the new Slav state formed under the leadership of their ally Serbia, and to sow seeds of economic and political conflict which show no signs of short vitality. The most ambitious schemes proclaimed by d'Annunzio hold little that is novel for anyone who, like the writer, has spent a considerable part of the past year in the Balkans and watched at close range the evolution of Italian intrigue. D'Annunzio is only a strand in the larger web.

Hardly was the Armistice signed before on every hand Italian troops began to exceed the limits of the zone of occupation laid down by the Allies, and to change that occupation from being interallied in character to being directed solely toward furthering Italian ambitions. They hesitated at no means in their efforts to seal up Jugoslavia, cutting off all her courier, cable, telegraph, mail and passenger communication with the Peace Conference and the press of the Allies, and even venturing to hold up American, French and British officials and to hamper the work of Allied relief missions.

Simultaneously Italian emissaries reached Austria and Hungary, stiffened Roumania up to exorbitant claims regarding Serbian districts of the Banat, took up cudgels in behalf of the discredited Montenegrin dynasty, and staked out for herself claims to such vast territory over-

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whelmingly Slavic that every nationalistic voice in the Balkans was stirred to an emulative counter-clamor.

Last summer the world watched with amusement the efforts made by the Italian commander at Fiume to play the role of nominal opposition to d'Annunzio assigned to him by the Italian Government. The comedy became a farce when, after warning the loquacious invader of the gravity of his actions, he kissed him on both cheeks and proceeded with him in triumph to the Town Hall. These events were not surprising to those who in April had heard the public declaration of Gen. Grazioli at Fiume that no matter what might be the decision of the Peace Conference regarding that port he was never going to evacuate it except under force of arms. Or to those who had heard of the letter received in March by the American Admiral at Spalato from an Italian Admiral, saying openly that he was determined to continue exerting his influence ashore in the form of propaganda, against all protests, and even beyond the zone of occupation. Our Admiral also became aware about the same time that the Italians were preparing to land at Spalato shortly and gain preponderance there on the same pretext of interallied action which had served so well at Fiume. And in April, the Italian authorities at Fiume, originally sent there to maintain order as representatives of all the Allies, commenced applying Italian law and administering justice in the name of the King of Italy.

By moves such as these the stage was set by the end of April for an outright annexation of Fiume by the Italian Government. But President Wilson's firm statement nipped the proceeding just on the eve of execution, and in the new plans which had to be developed d'Annunzio was allowed to produce the desired *fait accompli.*

The propaganda in Dalmatia, alluded to above, depended generally on food manipulation and the powers of blockade. Starvation was almost universal along the east coast of the Adriatic, and ingenious use was made of Italian supplies. A favorite expedient was to land food and fuel, which was given away to anyone who would sign a receipt. This receipt, which was in Italian and therefore unintelligible to the Slav population, included a vote for annexation to Italy.

Here is a translation of an Italian naval order on the

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subject, emanating from the Admiral Millo who has since figured so largely as Commander-in-Chief of the d'Annunzio fleet:

Government of Dalmatia, the Dalmatian Isles, and the Island of Curzola.

Subject: Food-supplies for victualing civilian population.

To all Districts of this Division.

I am informed that many commanders charged with distributing foodstuffs to the civilian population, acting on the authorization which had been given them to hold back one-fifth of all moneys received with a view to employing the product for propaganda, have collected considerable sums without afterwards being able to use them. Experience proves that the absolutely free distribution of foodstuffs themselves constitutes the only method of efficacious propaganda.

The Vice-Admiral Governor, MILLO.

But Italy went further, and sought to make the Slav inhabitants of the islands absolutely dependent upon her for their lives. Investigations of an experienced British officer during February, 1919, revealed the most oppressive measures. In Curzola he found the import of oxen prohibited by the Italian masters and the price of meat 20 kronen a kilo, which was even higher than during wartime. The Italians were distributing food there and in Lissa, and the following translation of an order of the commandant at the latter place gives an unexpected sidelight on the motives behind that apparently humanitarian action:

Detachment Headquarters, Marma, Lissa.

Lissa, 24th December, 1918. No. 100 of the Protocol.

To the Mayor of Lissa.

Subject: Prohibition of the distribution of food.

I inform your excellency that by higher command distribution is prohibited of food or provisions which have not been sent from Italy or Allied ports or ports of the United States of America. Exception is only made in the case of food actually in the stores of the Commune or already on the way. Private persons are permitted to acquire and sell.

Il Tenente de Vascello Commandante,

ETTORE SPORTIELLO.

There was extreme privation throughout the islands during the whole winter, and the grave step of prohibiting importations from nearby Slav territory simply shows that the Italians thought their case so weak that they preferred to cut off food than to allow any intercourse on the part of the islanders with their compatriots on the mainland.

Unfortunately, the Italians did not limit themselves to this type of propaganda, but concluded to rid the country of as many of the intelligent and leading Slavs as they

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could get their hands on, either in the occupied territory or beyond the line of demarcation. These they deported to prisons in Nocera, Venice, Sardinia and Sicily. The total of several hundred included important Dalmatians such as Monsignor Mahnitch, Bishop of Veglia, carried off from his see and interned at Frascati for daring to report to the Peace Conference Italy's treatment of members of his flock, Dr. J. Mochiedo, Chairman of the Educational Committee of the Dalmatian Diet, at least four other deputies, several dozen Orthodox and Roman Catholic priests, besides professors, school-masters, lawyers, judges, and anyone else of Slav blood whose education made him influential against the Italian attempt to overawe the country. A dose of Italian rule that could go such lengths while still hampered by nominal interallied oversight has convinced the Dalmatians that if Italy is allowed to establish herself in their land they will simply have exchanged the Austrians for new and more rigorous alien masters. (The census of 1910 showed 2.8 per cent of the population of Dalmatia to be Italian, 96.2 per cent Jugoslav.)

The Italian blockade was enforced in reverse order also, and in a most canny manner. At any time last winter you could buy in Belgrad all the fresh Sicilian oranges and lemons you wanted; and there were chestnuts and olives and occasionally other Italian products. But of such things as shoes or cloth there were none, of English or French newspapers or magazines or trade-bulletins there were none, even of letters or telegrams originating in western Europe there were none. The condition was merely the reflection of the whip-hand held by Italy at Trieste and Fiume, where the only goods or mail that were allowed to pass through were those originating in Italy. It was an effective step in the plan of Italian trade imperialism, of which ownership of Trieste and Fiume and the economic starvation of the latter in favor of the more Italian Trieste would be the culmination.

Another example of the arbitrary blockade powers assumed by Italy will be particularly interesting to Americans. On February 22nd, 1919, the American Relief Administration in Belgrad received information that the food situation at Ljubljana (Laibach), the chief Slovenian city, was extremely critical and that people were actually

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dying of starvation in the neighboring country. Investigation on the spot showed that the seriousness of the condition was not exaggerated, and the head of the Relief Administration in Belgrad ordered an emergency shipment of 400 metric tons of flour, about 40 car-loads, to be hurried up to Ljubljana from Trieste. The flour in question was the property of the American Government and had been sent to Trieste for disposition by the Relief Administration. Ljubljana is only 90 miles from Trieste, and only 20 miles beyond the line of Italian occupation. But so effectively was that little emergency shipment blocked that after two weeks of violent effort on the part of our Relief Administration officials at Trieste it had not even been wholly disembarked, much less started on its journey. In the meantime swarms of Italian troops were daily being disembarked at Trieste with all their supplies and impedimenta; machine-gun battalions and field artillery arrived and were distributed in no time, field-kitchens and field-hospitals were landed in flocks, and thousands of camions and ambulances filled in an almost unbroken mass the whole stretch between Trieste and the Jugoslav frontier, while every siding held its lines of armored trains and railway artillery. What for? To threaten and starve the same Jugoslavs whom Orlando a little more than a year before had hailed at the Congress of Rome as brothers in the work of dissolving the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

Italy's commercial, political and military animosity toward her new neighbor has been equally varied and aggressive. In the opinion of the writer, the Italian policy of strengthening Jugoslavia's enemies will end by being as disastrous to the political fortunes of Italy as her economic policy will be to her trade. If her political plans collapse, Italy's prestige in the Balkans will suffer a humiliating eclipse; if they are successful to the extent of provoking new intra-Balkan wars, will she herself be able to remain outside, or, granting the Italian masses allow their government to engage in an imperialistic war, can her forces beat the Serbs and the Greeks, even with the aid of Bulgaria or Roumania?

The ring drawn by Italy is very nearly complete. Around the circle hemming in Belgrad,—Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Albania,—the

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only opening through which a friendly hand reaches toward the Jugoslavs is on the frontier of Greece, a companion because she also conflicts with the dream of Italian hegemony in the Near East.

Immediately after the Armistice Italian political and commercial agents reached Vienna and Budapest. In February Prince Livio Borghese, formerly Secretary of the Italian Embassy in London, arrived in Belgrad bearing letters of credence as Minister to the King of Serbia. Serbia as Serbia was no longer existent, being merged in the new Jugoslav state of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, and at first it seemed as though the arrival of Prince Borghese was merely a petty way of baiting the Jugoslav Government; but it soon developed that a much more ambitious plan was afoot. Borghese's arrival had been simultaneous with an Italian proposal that an interallied committee take over the operation of the Fiume-Agram-Budapest railway, the chairman of this committee to be the Italian Director of Transportation at Fiume. Not only would the plan have put this vital railway in the power of the Italians should they undertake operations against the Jugoslavs, but it would also have given them direct access to Hungary. The latter was the concern of Prince Borghese. On March 15th, he left Belgrad for Budapest, where on arrival he entered into the closest relations with the Magyar Bolshevik Government. And there he remained as confidential adviser to Bela Kun throughout the Red massacres and rioting, throughout the threats and attacks on the French and British military missions (but not the Italian), throughout the fighting with Roumania. How much Borghese had to do with the sale of arms by Italy to the Kun Government is problematical; but sales there were, one shipment consisting of about ninety guns, the majority of them field-pieces.

Austria has been the object of even more attention from Italy than Hungary. The Italian ambition is to detach Slovenia from Jugoslavia and add her to the new Austrian state, which is comparatively weak and which Italy expects to dominate in a trade way through her ownership of Trieste and Fiume. French policy also rather favors such a territorial readjustment, as an inducement to Austria to avoid union with Germany. There is strong reason for believing that in pursuit of this plan Italy was success-

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ful in persuading Austria to an attack on the Jugoslavs in Carinthia the second of May last. The result was obtained largely through clandestinely supplying the Austrians with arms and ammunition, these being sent by rail from Trieste and other points in the Italian zone. The trains were ostensibly food trains, but in a number of well-known instances were found to be loaded with supplies for the Austrians to make war on the Jugoslavs.

Details of two arms shipments come from a Serbian source, and are not therefore put down as unimpeachable, but they are believed by the writer to be true because they are in accord with similar undertakings known to have originated in Trieste. Near Innsbruck, it seems, is the small military railway-station of Hötting, which is under the control of the Italian Army Corps stationed at Innsbruck. On April 23rd, 1919, two carloads of grenades were shipped from Hötting, escorted by 20 Italian soldiers, and accompanied by regular railroad shipping-papers inscribed "*Armee Korps waffendepot Innsbruck.*" The original shipping-papers, showing that one carload weighed 7,297 kilograms, the other 11,130 kilograms, eventually came into the possession of the Serbian authorities. The destination of the shipment was Graz, in Styria. The next day, four carloads of gas-bombs were despatched under convoy of Italian soldiers and destined for Niklasdorf, near Leoben, Styria, where was located the main depot of the Austrian army facing the Jugoslavs along the Carinthian front. On May 2nd, the Austrian offensive began and lasted ten days.

The extent to which during these operations the Austrian military were given advantage of the information about Jugoslav movements obtained by Italian spies in Croatia is shown by a document found in Klagenfurt after its evacuation by the Austrians. This document, dated May 28th, 1919, is addressed to the Austrian Commander-in-Chief at Klagenfurt and is signed by one Rimitz, for the commander of the Austrian detachment at Villach. After reporting in detail some information which had been obtained by an Austrian reconnaissance party, the letter states that a copy of the report "has been sent to the Italian officer at Tarvis, Lieutenant Parenti." From the paragraph immediately following it is seen that Lieutenant Parenti paid for this information in kind:

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Lieutenant Parenti reports: A Serbian Division entered Kisenkappel at 12 o'clock. After taking possession of the town the Division was divided, one brigade being sent toward Kuhnsdorf, the second toward Villach. The enemy had much Field Artillery. The total strength on the Kaerntner front is 20-25,000 men. The Italian combat force is able to march in 5 hours.

The Italian lieutenant seems to be in no doubt as to who is " the enemy."

Let us now look a little more to the east in our rapid swing around the Balkans. There is no necessity of detailing here the arguments over the division between Roumania, Jugoslavia and Hungary of that racial *macédoine* known as the Banat of Temesvár. The problem of the Banat does not contain insurmountable difficulties once the fact is accepted that in any partition there are bound to be racial minorities left under foreign rule. Roumania and Serbia have never in history been avowed enemies, and at one time early last spring the two countries had reached an independent agreement on the Banat. But it was soon repudiated by Roumania under pressure from Italy, who agreed to support extreme Roumanian claims in order that a slice might be cut off Jugoslavia and with the idea of keeping the two neighbors from a rapprochement. By May Roumania's attitude had so far changed that she was threatening the Serbian representative at Bucharest with war unless the settlement proposed by the Peace Conference was made more favorable to Roumania. Italy's part in the affair is analogous in aim to her well-known dickering with Hungary at the expense of the Czechs; it will be remembered that while the Italian officers whom Czecho-Slovakia had mistakenly allowed to take charge of her army were engaged in a political intrigue at Budapest, the Hungarian Bolshevist troops turned suddenly and inflicted on the Czechs a tremendous drubbing. Allied plans went all askew, and Italy's standing in Czecho-Slovakia went to zero; but Czecho-Slovakia is beyond even the Italian horizon, and Italy had succeeded admirably in saving her promising protègé Hungary from further territorial diminishments in that direction.

Regarding Italy's liaison with Bulgaria it may be said that it is based on immediate and concrete considerations of give-and-take as well as on plans for the future. Bulgaria was left at the end of the war in a better condition physically and financially than any other state in the Balkans. She was dis-

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credited but by no means impotent, and Italy hastened to make her a friend.

In Paris, Italian friendship took the form of constant pressure on the part of the " Consulta " to lessen the punishment to be meted out to Bulgaria; on the spot, it took a form which two incidents will suffice to illustrate. The Greek Government last May accumulated proofs that a total of 5,000 Bulgarian prisoners-of-war, held in Macedonia prison camps in charge of Italian troops, had been sent back across the border under cover of Italian uniforms and in Italian trains. The other incident concerns the breech-blocks of the Bulgarian cannon, which were exacted by the Allies as guarantees of good faith and deposited in the custody of the Italian troops at Saloniki. The Allies suddenly woke up to the fact that the breech-blocks were no longer there, and, strangely enough, the disabled Bulgarian guns about that time took the field again in complete condition. As a result of such favors, all the Balkan countries look upon Bulgaria as the firmest friend Italy has in the Near East, and include her coöperation in their forecasts of any Italian move.

From Bulgaria it is a short jump across Macedonia to Albania, where Italian predominance and ambition are too well known to need elaboration. Alike from east and west Serbian Macedonia is unceasingly subjected to a series of marauding expeditions. On the one side the Bulgarian bands of " komitadji " have been increasingly active lately, only last August having blown up one of the bridges on the Belgrad-Saloniki railway which had just been repaired and re-opened after months of labor. These " komitadji " are well-organized, maintain central headquarters in Sofia, and have a large number of arms depots. It is illuminating to note that the arms found on those captured have usually been of Italian origin. Certainly their coöperation has been extremely close with the bands operating from the west out of Italian Albania, the aim of Italy being to squeeze Macedonia between a pair of nut-crackers, cutting Jugoslavia off from a southern outlet and separating her from Greece.

All that Italy would some day accomplish as " protector " of Albania she dreams also of achieving in Montenegro. From her determination to see Montenegro feeble and dependent, rather than a part of a prosperous new state, spring almost all the troubles which are keeping that prov-

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ince in confusion. The vast majority of Montenegrins are for union with their Serb kinsmen in the Jugoslav state which for so long has been the ideal of their common poets and historians; they are through with ex-King Nicholas as well as his son, who spent most of the war in Viennese cabarets; they share with the Dalmatians the fear of Italian exploitation just as together they used to hate Austrian exploitation; they long for peace and demobilization and a chance to get back to the patch of land which every Montenegrin owns. These facts are attested and re-attested by every unbiased American and British observer who has been into Montenegro. They remain facts in spite of the activities of hangers-on and *anciens ministres* of the late ruling family, in spite of the turmoils financed through agents like Plamanatz and executed by bands shipped across the Adriatic to Virpazar or Antivari or one of the other ports held by the Italians.

But Montenegro and Southern Dalmatia play a small role compared to Fiume in the overshadowing discussion of essential Jugoslav outlets on the Adriatic. Surprise is sometimes expressed that Europe should stand almost breathless while Italy and Jugoslavia endanger the peace of the world for the sake of possessing a small city in which the two nationalities are about evenly divided. The answer is that Fiume is a port which, from the Jugoslav point of view, has no substitute, which holds for them the key of long-promised economic liberty,—a port which, from the Italian point of view, would in other hands menace their exploitation of the Balkans and dangerously rival their own Trieste.

It is not proposed even to summarize here the economic, racial and historical arguments of either side. It need only be said that close observation in Fiume and disinterested inquiry among all parties—"Independent Fiume", Italian, Croat, and Hungarian,—lead to the conviction that, despite propagandists, neither Italians nor Jugoslavs possess a majority, that the only clear majority is in favor of an independent buffer state under international guarantees, but that failing this, the desire is for a "free port" under mandatory of Italy or Jugoslavia. It is significant that the "Independent Party," whose desire for autonomy is based less on historical traditions than on hard, matter-of-fact trade calculations, prefer the Jugoslav to the Italian flag.

It is difficult to answer the Jugoslavs when they ask why

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Fiume entered into Italian national aspirations so late in the day, why even the Treaty of London expressly recognized (Par. 5) that "the whole coast of Croatia, *the port of Fiume,* and the small ports of Novi and Carlopago, *shall be included in the territory of Croatia.*" They ask if it is not because Italy aspires to starve out healthy competition, to dominate the Adriatic and the Eastern Mediterranean, to corner all lines of communication from Western Europe to Jugoslavia and the East, and to play her game in the Balkans holding all the aces.

The question of the final success or failure of the Jugoslav experiment is not one in which Americans take only the platonic interest of having furnished a large part of the inspiration and initial assistance. The world has just been through one war (and America found she was not exempt), which caught fire from a Balkan conflict born of political bullying and trade imperialism. The Balkan countries are past the African Gold Coast era, when a foreign Power could gag their outlets, exploit their almost untouched resources, and in return satisfy the inhabitants with a few glass beads. Jugoslavia holds the elements of success and prosperity, the promise of developing into a great stabilizing influence in that danger-region of European politics. But she must have a helping hand and a fair chance to work out her own salvation. If she is denied that chance, if the hands of the older countries are found to be against her, the result will be another war, another struggle for economic liberty. That is not a threat; it is a certainty.

HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG.

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AN ADRIATIC CRUISE

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

CURIOUSLY enough, it was in the summer of the Armistice that I first realized my life-long dream of a "cruise" along the shores of Dalmatia; and in the trend of what unforeseen and unimaginable events! It was the strangest of all cruises; and I remember that one June morning, as I stood on an Italian destroyer in the harbor of Spalato, within a stone's throw of Admiral Andrews's flagship and surrounded by many grey units of the Allies' fleets; as I looked across the water into Diocletian's pleasure palace and down the shore toward the fairy-like city of Trau—so graceful and fragile that it, too, might be called, like the island settlement in the bay, a "Little Venice"—I found myself wishing that I were again on the deck of my friends' sloop in Eggemoggin Reach where I used to lie and dream of sailing among the islands of the Quarnero and down the Adriatic to Cattaro and Corfu.

Because, for all the fascination of my Adriatic cruise, when I sailed on ships of every shape and every degree of comfort down to zero; when I went on shore among people of many races—strange types out of the Orient mingling in the streets with our boys from Kansas and Nebraska; black Senegalese keeping guard in front of orange-colored villas (not ebony slaves in the service of grand ladies, as in old paintings, but armed representatives of France); the ancient race of the Morlacchi, in the gorgeous colors of their embroidered and hand-woven garments, dancing in the village square; red-capped Serbs on top of the high fortress walls of Ragusa that rise from the sea and close in about groups of Slavic people buying and selling under the shadow of sculptured facades of Italian workmanship; long-robed Croatian priests acting as custodians of relics of imperial Rome—in spite of all this variety and charm

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and the beauty of mountains and sea, I found life more than ever perplexing, bewildering, insolvable. The chaotic condition of the Adriatic weighed upon the spirit.

For on those shores the armistice had not prepared the way for peace but for a new form of war. It was not that every port had assumed a warlike aspect, the Allies having sent their fleets to occupy every harbor—the Americans at Spalato, the French and Serbians at Ragusa, the English at Cattaro, the Italians at Zara and Sebenico, and all of them together at Fiume. Even at Venice, where the four groups of Italian ships were alone throughout the war, moving in and out with military precision from their anchorage in the lagoons to their work of eternal vigilance in open sea, there was a less striking show of war during the conflict than after the armistice, when battleships of Great Britain and France and America and Japan entered the Great Basin and a British submarine raised its mysterious head between the campaniles of San Marco and San Giorgio Maggiore. But the enemy fleet lay captive; and these signs of war were in reality the seal of peace. The new form of war was silent and invisible. It was a conflict of age-old traditions, of deep-seated allegiances, of racial instincts, of national pride and aspirations, of ambitions and hopes and resentments and affiliations—all the elements of past and future wars, there where the blue waters shine with such exceeding brilliance and bright green shores climb up the hill-sides till they lose their color in the greys and golden browns of the rugged mountain range.

Sailing along the steep shores of Istria (the first lap of my cruise) toward Fiume and the Julian Alps, one passes innumerable villages perched high on the hills or clinging to the low shores, every one raising an Italian campanile as a signpost of its civilization. And already in these sparkling waters, with the old intoxication of the sea stirring one's blood, the complex problem was wedging itself into one's thoughts, preventing the carefree mood of happy sailing days. The campaniles gave to every grey village the appearance of a fragment of Venice. Yet I knew that farther inland there were Slavic churches. I had seen them in the interior, and their resemblance to the small churches of Germany had reminded me of the frequent comment upon the Croatians of this region, that they are the most

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Germanized of all the Slavs. Here was another simple fact to increase the complexity of the problem!

As we made our way between the rugged shore and the purple islands, past many-colored Abbazzia lying so low in the curve of the hills that it seemed to be floating on the waters of the bay, the cloud-topped Julian Alps were ahead of us, stretching down from the misty north and dropping their clear, sharp cliffs into the sea, and nearer, circling its harbor and wandering back among the hills, the town of Fiume. And now again the beauty of the sight was disturbed with questionings. Surely those mountains made a natural wall for Italy. It was there, we remembered, that Dante had placed the boundary of his country. That mountain range had served the ancient Romans for a wall of defense. We remembered that to the patriots who created the modern nation, United Italy was to extend to the Julian Alps—beyond Fiume. Nature, it was clear, was on their side. A society of nations might make the argument of natural boundaries seem antiquated: the West might no longer need to protect its civilization by keeping out the East. But there is something compelling beyond argument in the aspect of nature's previsions: and we entered the city convinced that Fiume and her port were but incidents compared with the enduring fact of that mountain range.

But once in Fiume, all that was changed. There one was aware of the immediate human problem. The architecture might be Venetian or southern Slav; the mountains might stand firm or perish; the claims of human beings must be settled on other grounds. Indeed, as one descends the coast, although nature and architecture combine into an ever clearer and more convincing argument, the prospect of a just settlement seems to grow fainter and farther away.

At Fiume we took ship to Spalato. Searching for sailings to Dalmatian ports, we found but one, a small French liner bound for Spalato; whereupon Spalato became our destination. The rest we left to fate. Indeed, our cruise was less a cruise than a journey of vagabonds. And yet not that either; for while at times we were begging passage on any tub afloat, at another time we sailed on a finely equipped destroyer where a faultless table d'hôte in the cabin was followed by cigars and liqueurs on deck under

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a canopy, where we might sit on the high bridge beside the pilot and the Commander with a chart in front of the window through which we watched a swiftly changing panorama of sea and headlands and straits and wooded shores; where but for the Italian commander's tales of dangerous encounters near this island or that as we passed them one would have forgotten that there had been a war and that Italy had become all but bankrupt thereby.

Starting in the late afternoon on the little French steamer, we had soon passed the famous Rock of Saint Mark, the last buttress of the Julian Alps rising from the sea. In the opinion of the Italians who oppose the acquisition of Dalmatia, this *Rocco di San Marco* is the rightful outpost of Italy. We steamed on between the two large islands of the Quarnero, Veglia and Cherso, and among many smaller islands floating on a many-colored sea. We sailed on into the night. That the voyage was made at night, regrettable as it was, furnished proof of the strategic value of this coast. From Venice to Pola, from Pola to Fiume, no steamer yet ventured in the dark over Austrian mines. But the entire eastern shore is one long harbor, from which submarines could be excluded and where there was no need of mines. It was a free operating base for the Austrian fleet. Italians told us of their amazement all through the war at the sight of ships of ammunition moving down inside the islands, quite unmolested, protected by the only kind of wall effective in modern warfare.

In the morning we found ourselves in the harbor of Spalato, amid crowds of vessels and fishing smacks and close to the palace of Diocletian inside of which the town is built. In recent times the city has spread out beyond the limits of the palace to form a new quarter which contrasts strangely with the older town embedded curiously in crumbling walls, Roman arches and towers rising beside the doorways or within the courtyards of dwelling houses. Yet even now the windows of Diocletian's dwelling house, in the long wall that faces the quay, look out from the most desirable apartments in Spalato. "Only the rich can live there," a plain citizen informed us.

One's thoughts may escape for a moment from the conflict of races to dwell with pleasure upon the splendor of Diocletian's halls and courts and baths and gardens and temples and theatres. But close upon that reflection presses

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the sombre story of the parasite settlement. A massacre of the Christian inhabitants of the neighboring city of Salona, during inroads of barbarians, had driven the surviving population to seek refuge in the islands. Up to that time, it seems, the famous palace had stood intact, respected alike by builders and barbarians. But now these exiles from Salona, lured by the love of home, ventured back to the mainland and fortified themselves inside the spacious palace, in its lofty towers and vast subterranean crypts. Hence, perhaps, the origin of the name, Spalato, *ex palatio,* built out of a palace.

Much of the palace still remains—the Golden Gate, the Peristyle, walls and arches and cornices and sculptured vaultings, the Temple which served the Christians for a baptistry, and the octagonal Mausoleum transformed into a Christian church. Hidden away in the narrow streets, and often lost to the visitor, are beauties of architecture of many types and periods, and in the square by the Duomo, adorned with the impressive peristyle and overtopped by a campanile that must have been beautiful indeed before its unhappy restoration, one might study the art of Italy in every stage from imperial Rome, through the honest crudities of early Christian carving, on to higher types of workmanship, until, in the sculptures of Giorgio di Sebenico, one is in the full tide of the Renaissance. The Public Hall is Venetian Gothic—and if, in our brief visit, we failed to discover all the types and all the treasures, it was perhaps because our guide, the Curator of the Museum, spent the time recounting his trip to Paris and reviewing the arguments he had presented there for the Slavs against the Latins.

By the kindness of an American officer we were driven by motor to Salona and thence to Trau. The young marine who acted as chauffeur was full of enthusiasm for the beauty of the country. "If you will stay another day," he said, "I will show you scenery that will put the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in the shade." And as we looked into the mountains, rising one above another, higher and higher against the sky, we could almost believe him.

Here we were beyond the limits of Italy's official claim, which includes only the northern section of Dalmatia as far as Sebenico, but well within the boundary set up by Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose desire is to "redeem" the farthest shore washed by the Adriatic Sea. Spalato became a sore spot

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after the Armistice, and Prof. Danielli's report on the treatment of Italians by Serbs and Croats in that region did much to strengthen the D'Annunzio party. We saw few Italians, though the books in the chief store in the chief city square attested their presence. There was reason enough for their keeping quiet, if Prof. Danielli's account is true. Now, since the American occupation, it was the Slavic population who were always at swords' points with one another. "We are called upon to settle some dispute nearly every day," they told us. "It is petty warfare all the time."

These Slavic people, it became clear on questioning them, want neither Italy nor Serbia to control them. They want to govern themselves. To place unwilling Italians under the Croatians and then turn unwilling Croatians over to Serbia seems a poor solution of the problem. A better one must be found if that righteous dream of Tommaseo and other Italian patriots of Dalmatia is to be realized—a friendly union between Italy and the southern Slavs.

We discussed the situation, at different places along the coast, with the younger officers of our American ships. It was clear that to them the problem of the Adriatic is not properly a problem but a condition. It is that there, among those ancient races, the Past looms up like an ogre to combat the Present and defeat the Future. These American boys see no virtue in the past. They scorn tradition; and their familiarity with the facts of history is not their outstanding trait. "Italy," said one of them, "has never done any good to the world. She has done only harm." Because the Croatians have little to their credit except hopes for the future, it is only a square deal, they think, to give them their turn upon this soil, even if their instincts should lead them to tear down the beautiful stones of Venice, in Ragusa, in Zara, in Trau and Sebenico. Moreover, the free and easy ways of the Jugoslavs are more pleasing to the average young American than the more conventional ways of the Italians. An anecdote may give a clue to their state of mind:

"I liked the Italians at first," a young lieutenant said, "but never again!" And then he told us how once in Pola he had come into possession of a rare treasure, a Virginia ham. What should he do with it? He bethought himself of two girls he knew, an Italian and a Jugoslav. He knew them equally well and liked them equally, so that it was impossible to choose between them. He therefore cut the

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ham into two equal parts and sent one-half to each of them. The result was fatal to the national aspirations of Italy! The Italian girl wrote him a charming note, polite and appreciative, but somewhat formal. The Jugoslav invited him to dinner and gave him some of the ham!

Less weighty reasons have been known to determine national sympathies. But whatever may have been the cause, the fact was plain that not only the Americans but the French and English in the disputed territory were openly sympathetic with Jugoslavia and hostile to Italy. There is little doubt that for the French and British, financial interests were at stake. For one reason or another, they were manifesting a more friendly interest in the race that tore down the Lion of Saint Mark from the wall in Spalato than for the people who had placed it there on a monument of their own heritage.

The little French steamer took us on to Ragusa. If Spalato is the most interesting of Dalmatian cities to the student of art and history; if Zara is the most modern, the most Italian, the most civilized; if Sebenico treasures the loveliest specimens of architecture and Cattaro has the most magnificent natural setting, Ragusa is the most fascinating, as it has always been the most independent of them all.

Shut into its blue harbor by the island of Locroma, the gray walls of the proud city of Ragusa rise straight out of the sea, curve gracefully around the shore and climb the hills to vine-hung battlemented towers that stand out above the orange roofs of the town against the solid rock of its mountain background, and fold in the houses clinging to it with a protection that seems inviolable. Yet Ragusa is an undefended city. Those marvelous mighty walls that seem impregnable have been reduced by modern methods to the sentimental rôle of the picturesque. Peaceful and picturesque as it is, and lacking the scars of war that one finds at Pola and Cattaro, Ragusa has the appearance of a war-scene on the stage. High up against the sky the Serbian guard pace back and forth, and squads of them are seen marching here and there through the sunny streets. Tier upon tier of dwelling-houses cling to the strong rock of the fortress wall, stair upon stair leads past them to the railed walk along the top and to the broad roofs of the flanking towers, and from the points of outlook as one ascends, the wide sea-view grows more and more

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superb. Nothing could surpass the panorama of sea and rockbound islands from this height; while near at hand is the yellow and orange city glowing in the sunshine, with the dark blue waves washing its foundations far, far below and making a thin white line along the shore. And always close at hand, the red-capped guard, now silent and sullen, now friendly and talkative, their swarthy faces and their crosses and medals and ribbons telling more than words of the life they have been leading.

If Ragusa always refused to acknowledge the Venetian Doges, she cannot deny the testimony of the municipal hall, of the *dogana,* of the churches, of the delicate cloisters, all of which belong to the best traditions of Italian art. They contrast strangely with the semi-barbaric costumes and objets d'art that one finds in the streets to-day. The Croats sit in the market place, while columns and façades of Venetian Gothic, with their exquisite traceries, rise up against the over-towering hills under the southern sky.

Here there was hatred of Serbia deeper than hatred of Italy. It was at Ragusa that the Serbian chiefs, coming in immediately after the armistice, appropriated the contents of the treasury in the name of Jugoslavia, to the great indignation of the citizens.

Along the shore that stretches out beyond the city walls are many Italian villas set down among extensive gardens—terrace above terrace, pergola beyond pergola. Many had been deserted by their proprietors, and their vines were running riot; but flowers bloomed in profusion, while above them a fringe of olive orchards hung from the bare mountain heights and below them a sapphire sea dashed against yellow cliffs.

From the picturesque beauty of Ragusa we were plunged again into the turmoil of the Adriatic problem. For on the Italian destroyer which bore us northward to Zara, there was a group of many-minded persons. There was a major of the English army, a correspondent of the London *Times,* an Austrian officer returned from service in Herzogovina, an Italian citizen of Spalato with his little daughter, the Commander of the ship, and two open-minded Americans. Discussion ran high, literature and maps were evoked from handbags; and on the narrow deck of that gray warship opinions had free airing. Only the citizen of Spalato remained silent and withdrawn within himself. He

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had the air of one to whom all words seem light. But now and then, on the edge of the group, he broke his silence and, in a few patient words, revealed his feeling. His little girl was as gay and pretty as her father was sober and plain. She wore her Italian colors proudly. There were no shadows in her sparkling eyes.

Wherever we met officers of the Italian navy we encountered the growing influence of D'Annunzio. He had become a hero three months before he led his army of volunteers into Fiume, and already his principle of non-renunciation had made compromise seem weakness. The navy was still smarting under the humiliation of having lost the Austrian fleet to Jugoslavia, an unexpected twist of fortune for which they blamed the French. A part of the fleet had been given over later and had been led captive into the harbor of Venice, where the King received them with proper ceremony. But the harm had been done to a sensitive people. And similar wrongs were multiplied before our eyes. Ever since the Allies conceived the possibility of destroying Austria-Hungary from within, Italy's share of the war and of the victory had been minimized. And though she had fought on in good faith and in the battles of the Piave and Vittorio Veneto had won overwhelming victories against an unbroken defense, as the number of her dead proves, the new nations which were parcels of Italy's ancient enemy had been " taken up " by France and England and America and by the same token Italy had been " dropped." It was not strange that in these waters the Italians held aloof while the others fraternized with the Jugoslavs.

Notwithstanding all this, our reception at Zara was friendly and cordial and Admiral Millo and the officers about him were in the best of spirits. Coming to Zara from the southern shore was like returning from some strange, semi-oriental land into the heart of Italy. Not the buildings alone, but the life of the streets, the shops, the boats along the shore, the people, the Venetian dialect, books, newspapers, the food one ate and the wine one drank, everything was Italian. Three days of radiant weather in Zara made one almost forget—many things. One could have believed everything settled harmoniously and peace established; and we were ready to accept the statement, because all appearances confirmed it, that the recipe for propaganda among those officers called for but one ingredient, *cortesia.*

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A motor trip into the mountains revealed new beauties of the scene in which a drama of new nations and old was being acted. Through miles of level, fertile fields; past deep estuaries which bend in among the hills to form sapphire streams and lakes between the lowlands of emerald and the gray and purple heights beyond; up and up over the solid road, deeper and deeper into the mountains; climbing to a towered village that hung above our heads only to look down upon it a few minutes later as a tiny picture in the distance below; whirling around dizzy curves at a dizzy speed; we reached at length the top of the mountain pass where a mammoth slab of granite marks the confines of Croatia; then down again in a breathless descent, along the edge of precipices and under jagged overhanging cliffs, with a brief respite in the village of the Morlacchi where we walked about for a time among the villagers.

From Zara we returned to Pola on a destroyer of the newest type, where for once we knew luxury on the Adriatic; where life ran as merrily as on any pleasure yacht, and the rotten, roofless craft on which I had spent one whole day in the rain was forgotten, and the stories of threadbare escapes from the Austrians in this same destroyer among these sun-bathed islands seemed to belong to a bygone age. Yet even here there was but one subject uppermost in the minds of all, but one discussion always to the fore, but one immediate problem seeking solution; though these Italian officers were able to throw it aside for hours of lively badinage. It was always there, however, behind wit and anecdote. And as we crossed to Venice the next day, our memory of their gaiety was troubled with thoughts of what the future might hold.

No myriad laughter of blue and silver waves, no splendor of cliffs and mountains, but only the patience and good will of men can lift the burden from the shores of the Adriatic Sea.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

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FRANCE'S "PRISONER OF THE REPUBLIC"

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE
Editor-in-Chief of *Le Matin*

On Saturday, the seventeenth of January, 1920, the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies of France, united as the National Assembly at Versailles, elected the tenth President of the French Republic. The world expected the election of M. Clemenceau; but the representatives of France chose M. Paul Deschanel. And, for France as well as for the world, it seems that their choice was good . . . .

But, before anything else, let us first see just what is a President of the Republic in France.

"I do not know," M. Raymond Poincaré said to me one day, "if I shall ever write my mémoires of the presidency, but if I do, I know what I shall call them. I will borrow the title of Silvio Pellico—'My Prisons.'"

Can it be true that the Elysée is really a dungeon? Let us look at the premises—and especially at the bars.

At first glance, the fence appears to be made of gold, and the prisoner seems to dispose of a multitude of prerogatives. "The President of the Republic, concurrently with the members of the two Chambers, has the right to propose laws . . . . He promulgates the laws when they have been voted . . . . He can, for a given reason, demand of the two Chambers a reconsideration which cannot be refused . . . . He can, with the consent of the Senate, dissolve the Chamber of Deputies before the legal expiration of its term . . . . He can adjourn the Chambers . . . . He has the right of granting pardons . . . . He disposes of the Army. He makes all civil and military appointments. He presides at national ceremonies: the ministers and ambassadors of foreign Powers are accredited to him . . . . He negotiates and ratifies treaties. He gives notice of them to the Parliament, as soon as the interest and the safety of the State permit . . . ." What

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rights! What powers! Seven articles of two constitutional laws (those of February 25 and July 16, 1873) are insufficient to enumerate them . . . .

Yes, but two lines and fourteen words are enough to annul them all. *"Every act of the President of the Republic must be signed by a minister."* (Law of February 25, 1875. Art. 3 *in fine.*) Thus, for each law suggested or promulgated, the signature of a minister; to communicate with the Chambers, a minister; to grant a pardon, the opinion of a minister; to appoint a second lieutenant or a teacher, the consent of a minister; to preside at a ceremony, the presence of a minister; to negotiate a treaty, the approval of a minister. The minister is the true guardian of the Constitution: but, gradually, tradition has made of the guardian a jailer. It has become the rule that the President of the Republic cannot correspond freely with foreign sovereigns without first submitting his letter for the approval of his Minister of Foreign Affairs. It has become the rule that the President of the Republic cannot deliver a speech at the unveiling of a statue without first submitting the speech to his Prime Minister, to obtain his consent.

"It is useless," M. Clemenceau told M. Poincaré one day, "for you to send me the text of your speeches in advance. I never read them until after you deliver them. I have confidence in you . . . ."

But if he had not had confidence!

Tradition and the law assign to these ministers the rôle of guardian, but can the President of the Republic at least choose them freely?

Theoretically, yes, because *"he makes all civil and military appointments."* Practically, no, since *"each of his acts must be signed by a minister."*

It is therefore the Prime Minister who signs the nomination of the ministers. In fact, it is he who chooses them: he merely presents them to the President of the Republic after he has made his choice.

The Prime Minister alone is freely chosen by the head of the State. This has become practically his sole prerogative. Statistics show that he uses it about once a year: M. Raymond Poincaré, for instance, out of 2,556 days of his presidency, has had exactly ten days of absolute power. But, even from these ten days, must be subtracted the occasion when, finding himself in the presence of a Prime Minis-

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ter who has been head of a cabinet that has resigned without being repudiated by a vote of Parliament, he was obliged to offer him the formation of the new cabinet! And then there was the opinion of the President of the Senate, the opinion of the President of the Chamber of Deputies, and the opinion—astonishing thing!—of the retiring Prime Minister who, no longer possessing either authority or power, has nevertheless the power and the authority to designate his successor.

But that is not all. The President of the Republic cannot choose his guardians freely, but neither can he communicate with them freely. Possessing all privileges, he has not the privilege of interesting himself in the affairs of State except in the measure that his Prime Minister is willing for him to do so. Where are the affairs of State carried on? At the cabinet meetings. And who calls the cabinet meetings? Not the President of the Republic, but the Prime Minister. He calls it when and as it suits his convenience, once every three months if that suits his convenience.

There have even been Prime Ministers who did not notify the President of the Republic that he was to preside at a cabinet meeting. He learned it through a note of the Havas agency—and that was all!

In fact, the President of the Republic—at times one is tempted to call him the Prisoner of the Republic—cannot breathe air that is not allowed him, cannot see light that is not filtered to him, cannot go out without a companion, cannot write without revision, cannot speak without censorship, cannot sign a document without another signature beside his own, cannot defend himself before the Parliament or before public opinion. The maximum to which he can aspire is to be the well-informed adviser of the ministers; the minimum expected of him, is to be the impartial arbiter of the parties.

Now let us see if M. Clemenceau would have been the ideal President of the Republic . . . .

M. Clemenceau, of all the statesmen of the Third Republic, has the most magnificent qualities and the most terrible defects.

The whole world knows his qualities. They are rare in a democracy: they are will and energy. When, at the moment of coming into power, in the dark days of 1917, M. Clemenceau said: *"Je fais la guerre,"* he told the truth.

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And he did wage the war, with all his will, with all his energy, carrying along all the energies, galvanizing the determination of the whole nation. It is he who brought about the unity of command and who insisted upon Foch as commander-in-chief, because he had the will to win the war. It is he who, in the still darker days of May 1918, when the Germans were at Chateau-Thierry, fifty kilometres from Paris, protected Foch and the army while the army and Foch were protecting the capital. "We will win," he exclaimed in open Parliament, "if the public powers are at the height of their task. I will fight in front of Paris, I will fight at Paris, I will fight behind Paris." And he would have kept his word, because to the bottom of his soul he was imbued with the great Napoleonic precept: "In war, no one is vanquished except he who believes himself beaten." And he had the grim determination to believe that his country was not beaten, would not be beaten, could not be beaten. By his will, by his energy, Clemenceau won the war and saved France.

But he also has terrible faults. The worst of all is that he never considers the problems of this world except under their human aspect, and he does not judge humans except from the angle of his personal likes and dislikes. For two years, he riddled the President of the Republic with his sarcasms, because the President of the Republic was M. Raymond Poincaré, who has never been part of his clan or his entourage: and he commenced to render justice to M. Poincaré only from the day when the latter called him to power. For two years, he either attacked or disparaged the Minister of War, because the Minister of War was M. Millerand, who no longer was a part of his following and who showed signs of independence: then, the day after the criminal attack of Cottin, when M. Millerand came to pay him a visit of courtesy, he suddenly discovered his merits, appointed him within the week Commissioner-General in Alsace-Lorraine, and chose him to be his successor as Prime Minister. For two years, he confided the Ministry of the Liberated Regions to M. Albert Lebrun, deputy from Lorraine, a man modest, industrious, and silent, and declared himself highly satisfied with his services: but, one day in November 1919, he learned that M. Albert Lebrun remained the friend of M. Louis Marin, another deputy from Lorraine, who had taken the liberty to criticise the treaty of

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peace in Parliament; he learned that the two men were arranging to make their electoral campaign together: without waiting, brutally, he put M. Albert Lebrun out of his ministry, in the midst of a reception at Strasburg, unwilling to listen to any defense, unwilling to take the time for reflection. In a word, M. Clemenceau, who during his whole life was a man of opposition, of criticism, and of contradiction, would brook neither contradiction, nor criticism, nor opposition. He would allow only a submission complete, absolute, and passive to his ideas and to himself. He put his personal service above the service of France. And, by his authoritativeness, by his egotism, he has almost lost the peace and he has almost ruined France.

For the work of the treaty of peace, whatever may be done and whatever may be said, is largely the work of M. Clemenceau. It is he who presided at the Conference; it is he who chose his collaborators, and with the exception of M. André Tardieu, he selected only superficial people, incapable or incompetent, whose only justification was faithfulness toward their master; it was he who accepted the strange method of procedure which was followed.

Mr. J. M. Keynes, professor of Political Economy at Cambridge, delegate of the British Treasury at the Peace Conference, who often participated in the work of the Supreme Council as substitute for Mr. Bonar Law, paints the portrait of M. Clemenceau in his book, *The Economic Consequences of the Peace:*

> At the Council of Four, Clemenceau sat on a square brocaded chair in the middle of the semicircle facing the fireplace, with Signor Orlando on his left, the President next by the fireplace, and the British Prime Minister on his right.. He carried no papers and no portfolio, and was unattended by any personal secretary, though several French ministers and officials appropriate to the particular matter in hand would be present round him. His walk, his hand and his voice were not lacking in vigor, but he bore nevertheless, especially after the attempt upon him, the aspect of a very old man conserving his strength for important occasions.
>
> He spoke seldom, leaving the initial statement of the French case to his ministers or officials; he closed his eyes often and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment, his gray gloved hands clasped in front of him. A short sentence, decisive or cynical, was generally sufficient, a question, an unqualified abandonment of his ministers, whose face would not be saved, or a display of obstinacy reinforced by a few words in a piquantly delivered English. But speech and passion were not lacking when they were wanted, and the sudden outburst of words, often followed by a fit of deep coughing from the

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chest, produced their impression rather by force and surprise than persuasion.

The portrait is a faithful resemblance. But the truth, of which Mr. Keynes caught only a glimmer, is that when the words flowed suddenly from the lips of the President of the Conference, the matter under consideration was some political controversy or some personal quarrel; when, on the contrary, the old man "closed his eyes and sat back in his chair with an impassive face of parchment," the question concerned some economic problem or the financial situation, for which he felt only disdain and tedium.

I myself saw M. Clemenceau in the exercise of his ministerial duties shortly before his retirement, and I was able to obtain an epitome of what the man really is.

It was the sixth of November 1919, at the bridge of Kehl. M. Clemenceau came from Strasburg, where, the day before, he had delivered an important speech outlining his political programme, and he did not want to leave Alsace without crossing the Rhine and putting his foot on German soil. Just beyond the Kehl bridge, German and French officials were awaiting him. The German officials were none other than the sub-prefect and the administrators of the district. Their mien was dark, sad, ill at ease, obsequious. Each of them asked himself what was going to come of the meeting: the result was rapid.

"We hope, *monsieur le président,*" said the Boches in presenting themselves, "that you will take with you a pleasant memory of your visit to the bridge of Kehl."

"I will do all that is necessary for that," cunningly answered the Tiger.

That was the good Clemenceau, the Clemenceau who found the right word when faced by an adversary who is to be scratched.

But, a few moments later, a visit was paid to the mechanical installations of the port of Kehl, magnificent and tremendous installations, with their enormous docks and their perfected railway system. A young French official was there, an engineer of great talent and indisputable science, who explained with admirable lucidity the working of the port, gave statistics of the tonnage that entered, showed how Strasburg could counterbalance Kehl, indicated the work to do . . . . At that moment, the Prime Minister listened no longer. One felt that this did not interest

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him. His mind was a hundred leagues from there. Nevertheless, the question concerned the interest of a whole region, and the future life of a whole province.

This was the other Clemenceau, the Clemenceau who closes his eyes when one talks to him about figures, and when there is no battle to be fought, no cutting witticisms to be made. Thus in five minutes we had the two characters under our eyes: the man who won the war, because he knows how to fight; the man who has not won the peace, because he does not know how to construct.

It seems as if the nine hundred presidential electors of the Congress of Versailles had the same vision, came to the same conclusion, experienced the same fears. In the halls of the historic palace, I have talked with perhaps a hundred of them, including the most moderate and the most patriotic. All of them said to me:

"We never will forget that, in 1918, M. Clemenceau won the war. If tomorrow, someone should suggest that a statue of gold be erected for him on the largest square of Paris, we would vote the project with enthusiasm. But we cannot forget that, in 1919, M. Clemenceau lost the peace. His most ardent supporters admit that the Treaty of Versailles is a failure. But they argue that the old man was taken in (*"roulé"*) by President Wilson and by M. André Tardieu—which is historically false and which, psychologically, is hardly reassuring, for if the President of the Peace Conference allowed himself to be taken in by his partners and his collaborators, what assurances have we that the President of the Republic would not continue to allow himself to be taken in . . . . ? And furthermore, we do not want a man at the Elysée who summons none but his friends to power, and who keeps none but his enemies out of power. We want no autocracy, even if that autocracy has saved the country. We do not want to choose a President for the services that he has rendered in the past, but for the services that he will render in the future. Our affection for Clemenceau is deep, but our love for France is even deeper."

And it is thus that on the final ballot, M. Paul Deschanel had 734 votes—the largest number of votes that a President of the French Republic has ever obtained.

M. Paul Deschanel perhaps has not saved his country; but neither will he ever ruin it. And one can be certain that he will render it useful service.

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His political life has been unified, upright, and successful. It depends entirely on two positions—the highest in the State—which he has occupied with equal ability and equal brilliancy: the presidency of the Commission of Foreign Affairs of the Chamber, and the presidency of the Chamber itself.

As president of the Commission of Foreign Affairs, he has always supported with unparalleled eloquence and warmth the traditional policy of France: *entente cordiale* with England, confident union with Italy, and enthusiastic affection for America. As for the Central Empires, he had his own doctrine: to detach Austria from the German alliance, to make the greatest efforts to keep the friendship of the Hapsburg empire in order to balance it against that of the Hohenzollerns. He was among those who, in 1916, were of the opinion that the efforts of Prince Sixte of Bourbon merited encouragement. He was not among those who, in 1918, applauded when Austria-Hungary was broken up into a series of fragmentary states, all more or less opposed to each other, and threatening to fall bit by bit under the German hegemony, if ever that hegemony regain its brilliance and offer some advantage.

President of the Chamber of Deputies for more than twelve years, from his chair he has seen all the successive governments, all the political parties which have formed and which have disintegrated, all the laws which have been voted. What an accumulation of knowledge and experience for a man who becomes the first magistrate of State! Above all, he has shown three qualities: coolness, impartiality, and eloquence. And it happens that these three qualities are the most important—and the sole—required to be President of the Republic.

The very day after his election, M. Deschanel showed how great is his impartiality. The man who was to assume the burden of the Prime Minister and replace M. Clemenceau, had to be chosen. M. Millerand had been selected a week before by M. Poincaré, and particularly by M. Clemenceau, who already considered himself Chief of State. When consulted, M. Deschanel did not hesitate, but immediately gave his approval to the choice of his predecessor and his rival. He did even more: among the new members of his cabinet in process of formation was a certain M. L'hopiteau, who had always been his personal political op-

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ponent in his department, Eure-et-Loire. M. Millerand proposed making him vice-president of the cabinet and Minister of Justice: M. Deschanel consented to the appointment of his adversary without hesitation. How many politicians are there in the two hemispheres who would have done that . . . . ?

On the day of his election,M. Deschanel showed the measure of his simplicity and his generosity. It was the tradition for the president-elect to leave Versailles with great military pomp, and to return to Paris escorted by cavalry, preceded by trumpets on horse. But M. Deschanel left modestly, in his automobile, accompanied by his wife, his daughter, and his two boys—the younger sitting on his knees —without escort and without trumpets. And his first act on returning to Paris was to go to the Ministry of War to pay M. Clemenceau a visit of courtesy—which has not yet been returned.

France therefore has as much chance of being satisfied with her tenth President of the Republic as she had of being satisfied with the ninth.

France has no fear that the head of her government will be a man strong and dictatorial, because if his power becomes dangerous and his authority disturbing, the Parliament is there to reëstablish the equilibrium of the balance and to enforce the will of the nation. But she does fear authoritativeness and personal ideas in her Chief of State, who constitutionally is not responsible before Parliament: and the present example of the United States shows that perhaps she is not altogether wrong. What she asks of a President of the Republic, who is a prisoner of the Constitution for seven years, is that he be a well informed adviser, a just arbiter, and the eloquent and respected representative of France before the world.

M. Raymond Poincaré has been all of that in the greatest storm that France has ever passed through, in spite of the chains which bound his hands and of which he complains today with something of bitterness. M. Paul Deschanel also will be that, in the difficult and troubled period through which we are about to pass.

And it will not be the first time in the history of civilization that we shall have seen prisoners do more good than people at liberty!

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

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THE FALL IN FOREIGN EXCHANGE

BY STUYVESANT FISH

THE fall in foreign exchange is merely the outward and visible manifestation or the symptom of a very serious disease prevailing in the money situation in Europe. No one over there does, nor here in America should, question that the monetary situation of each of the European nations engaged in the late war is one of weakness, not to say collapse, which calls for careful diagnosis, fearless and thorough probing, drastic remedies, and I fear in some cases " capital operations," to use a surgical term.

The autumn of 1914 found the nations of Europe doing business with currencies consisting of gold and silver coins, and of bank notes supported by not over-abundant reserves of bullion and metallic money. The war had been preceded by many years of preparation therefor by all of the leading nations of Europe. Germany was prepared in every respect, military, naval, financial and commercial. Great Britain had for many years been maintaining as a matter of settled public policy a navy equal to those of any two other Powers. France had recently increased the term of compulsory service in her standing army.

Immediately on the mobilization, all of the belligerent nations of Europe declared moratoria in respect to obligations of their own people payable within their own jurisdiction, forbade the customary renewals of credits to foreign borrowers, closed their stock exchanges, (thereby preventing foreigners from selling therein) and at the same time moved heaven and earth to collect in gold the obligations of foreign debtors. Of this fact we have an instance in the unfortunate City of New York, which was forced in one way or another to pay premiums amounting to near seven million dollars in order to liquidate in gold or its equivalent a debt of eighty millions held in France and England. The season chosen for the beginning of hostilities was an unfor-

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tunate one for our bankers and merchants, in that they had, as usual, drawn very liberally against European credits, expecting to renew the drafts, or to pay them with shipments of wheat and cotton later in the autumn. Exchange on London rose to $7 per £1, a price exceeding 143 per cent of the theoretic, metallic par of $4.8665.

The various warring nations also cast aside all the restrictions of prudence and of law governing the issue of bank notes, and put forth irredeemable paper, carrying no promise to pay, simply the governmental fiat that it had been made legal tender for all purposes. There followed the inevitable result, under the law which Sir Thomas Gresham had laid down in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that "Bad money drives out good": and gold disappeared from circulation. The first issues (specimens of the English and French reached here early in October, 1914) were of course followed by other and vastly larger ones, till we now have in Europe a situation absolutely unheard of in all history, indeed undreamed of. A number of publications[1] give the fabulous figures to which these issues have grown.

The effect of these issues on foreign exchange was soon seen in the fall thereof below the gold shipping point, that is to say, the price at which gold would naturally flow from the debtor country to the creditor country. Needless to say the export of gold except on Government account was strictly forbidden. In Germany at least, private stores of gold and silver plate were expropriated. In other countries the premium on gold as reflected in the exchanges, and the growing burden of taxation, accompanied by increased cost of living when paid for in depreciated paper, must have effected considerable melting-up of private stocks of plate. Many doubtless did this from patriotic motives. Toward the close of 1915 the price in New York of exchange on European countries at war, clearly showed the existence in them of a premium for gold when paid for in the paper money therein current. At first we were told that this was due to the war rates for marine insurance preventing shipments of gold, but when the depreciation exceeded those war rates, as it speedily did, the fact of the depreciation of the currency became obvious to all thinking persons at all versed in the business. Individually I became so much im-

[1] *Financial Status of Belligerents. Debt, Revenues and Expenditures, and Note Circulation of the Principal Belligerents in the World War.* By Louis Ross Gottlieb. With an Introduction by Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia University. 1920.

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pressed with these facts and with the world-wide struggle for gold which was certain to follow peace, that in the spring of 1916, I wrote the then Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, pointing out the necessity of preparing for that inevitable struggle, closing my letter thus:

> My purpose in thus addressing you, is to bring to your attention the necessity for monetary and financial preparedness to meet a contest which is both imminent and unavoidable and in which we will have to combat the combined financial skill, experience and power of all Europe for the first time. Their struggle will then indeed be one for monetary and financial life or death—a thing worth fighting for.

In August 1914 the nations of Europe generally, and particularly Great Britain, France and Germany, were vastly creditors to the rest of the world and especially to the United States. That situation has, so far as we are concerned, been reversed, in that most of the European holdings of American securities have been sold in this country for one purpose or another, and in that, while we were at war, Congress, as a war measure, saw fit to lend the various European Governments, at the exceedingly low rate of five per cent. per annum, nearly ten billions of dollars. I say low rate, because at the time those loans were made, the well-secured obligations of the best of those Governments, England and France, could be bought in this market to yield over seven per cent.

The struggle for gold foreshadowed in my letter of 1916 to Secretary McAdoo is now on. Two years ago, that is in January 1918, when Mr. Wilson began developing his ideas about a League of Nations, the British Government with their usual intelligence and forehandedness appointed a committee, at the head of which was Lord Cunliffe, the Chairman of the Bank of England, " to consider the various problems which will arise in connection with currency and the foreign exchanges during the period of reconstruction and report upon the steps required to bring about the restoration of normal conditions in due course." Having made interim reports, that Committee rendered a final one on December 3, 1919, in which they criticised adversely the maintenance in England of rates of interest lower than those prevailing in gold-paying countries, and recommended as follows:

> That preference should be given to exports to countries which are able to make payment in the ordinary course of trade.
>
> Increased production, cessation of Government borrowings and de-

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creased expenditure both by the Government and by each individual member of the nation are the first essentials to recovery. These must be associated with the restoration of the pre-war methods of controlling the currency and credit system of the country for the purpose of re-establishing at an early date a free market for gold in London.

Meanwhile, so far as I have been able to discover, the Government of the United States has done nothing, except that Mr. Glass toward the end of his term as Secretary of the Treasury, recommended to Congress the unheard-of proposition that the United States shall, in advance, fund the interest to accrue for a term of years on the debts due by European nations, among which Great Britain and France, the strongest of them, are our largest debtors. The measure is now before Congress, and it is to be presumed that the rate of interest will be as before, five per cent. Should this monumental folly be enacted, it will shift from the shoulders of the debtor nations to ours a present burden of some four hundred and forty million dollars per annum of added taxes, and will result in enabling the merchants of Europe the better to compete with those of the United States for the trade of the world in the meanwhile. In view of the fact that during the twenty months in which the United States were at war (April 1917 to November 1918) they did not enter into any form of alliance with any of the European Powers, how can this unheard of proposition of voluntarily making of ourselves what might be called "deferred creditors," and now entering into a financial alliance with more or less bankrupt Europe, be advocated?

There is nothing novel in the present condition of the foreign exchanges, nor in the attempt to disguise under that title the premium on gold which exists when paid for in irredeemable legal tender paper. The same thing happened in Great Britain during the Napoleonic Wars. Then, however, the paper was better, in that it was in the form of notes of the Bank of England, a solvent, going concern, and bank notes were not at that time legal tender. This occurred in the so-called period of "Bank Restriction" after the Chancellor of the Exchequer had, in 1797, ordered the bank to cease paying gold. In 1810, a Select Committee of Parliament on the High Price of Gold Bullion, brought in the "Bullion Report," which was then ordered printed, but by Parliament rejected as the war was still pending. Four years after Waterloo, in 1819, Parliament took the matter up

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again, accepted the verities of the "Bullion Report," ordered and enabled the Bank of England to reduce its over-issues of paper money, and effected the resumption of specie payments in 1821. In 1810 as now, the representative of "High Finance" maintained that there was no depreciation in the paper money, but only "adverse" exchanges. The Committee, looking further into the matter, found on the testimony of those who traded with gold paying points, Amsterdam, Hamburg and Paris, that there was a premium of fifteen and a half per cent above the mint price of gold. The premium increased in later years to approximately the figure now prevailing in England, say thirty-five or forty per cent. Professor William G. Sumner of Yale, writing in 1874, said, "So much in regard to the laws which govern paper issues, as was laid down in the Bullion Report, is established beyond dispute. Its doctrines are the alphabet of modern finance." A later English writer, Henry Dunning MacLeod, A. M., speaks of it as "a most masterly report, probably the most able ever drawn up by a Parliamentary committee. It is one of the great landmarks in economics, as containing the infallible principles upon which a paper currency must be regulated." To which I add that those laws operate today as then, and are as incapable of change as Sir Thomas Gresham's law about bad money driving out good.

In a recent English publication, *The Paper Pound of 1797-1821*, A Reprint of the Bullion Report with an introduction by Edwin Cannan, LL.D., Professor of Political Economy in the University of London, Professor Cannan says of the present situation:

> When the scales at last fall from the eyes of the people of Europe, groaning under the rise of prices, they will no longer cry to their Governments "Hang the profiteers!" but "Burn your paper money, and go on burning it till it will buy as much gold as it used to do!"

So likewise we, during and after the Civil War, had our troubles with our depreciated currency, which for eighteen months throughout the year 1864 and the first half of 1865, averaged, in gold, a value of less than fifty cents on the dollar. Indeed our price for gold rose to 284. But as English writers of that period did not fail to say, "the American Government acts wisely in forcing gold by timely arrangements to pass through its treasury." This was effected through our Act of February 25, 1862, authorizing the issue

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of the "Greenbacks," in providing that they should not be received in payment for duties on imports nor paid out as interest on the public debt. Those two things were currently and constantly paid in gold through our whole period of suspended specie payments from 1862 to 1878 inclusive.

This resulted in an open market for gold in New York, in which there were wild fluctuations, but as foreign exchange continued to be bought and sold in gold the fluctuations therein were not abnormal. That is to say, the United States faced the situation honestly and frankly, confessing a premium for gold, and a depreciation in our irredeemable legal tender money. Had the European nations, or any of them, in 1914 followed our example they would have had a like experience and be today much better off.

I trust I have made it clear that there is nothing whatever the matter with the fall in exchange except in that it represents a premium which has to be paid in countries afflicted with over-issues of irredeemable fiat money, when they seek with such money to buy gold,—the one thing accepted of all men everywhere, at all times, in international exchange operations. Do not understand me as favoring the putting of any restriction whatever upon the export of gold from the United States for commercial purposes, nor as being opposed to our merchants, bankers, financiers and capitalists making loans, or investments abroad, further than this, that payment must be exacted in American gold dollars, and at rates of interest enough higher than those here prevailing to justify the investing of money outside of the jurisdiction of our Government. On the contrary such loans and such investments by individuals should be encouraged. We should begin now to act as the banker of the world, but must do so prudently, in full appreciation of our responsibility to ourselves and to the rest of the world. But our Government must not be allowed to fritter away another dollar in altruistic nonsense. Each of the nations of Europe is fully alive to the situation, and in its struggle for gold will leave no stone unturned, each playing its own hand for its own sake against the others and against us. Meanwhile we must protect ourselves, if we are to continue to remain able to protect them against the results of their own monetary and economic blunders.

There are among us those well versed in the business,

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who contend that the fall in foreign exchange is not solely due to the over-issue of irredeemable paper money. Of them I would ask, what is there in the course of trade or the balance thereof, or in anything whatever except the depreciation of the currency, to account for the following facts: That on January 1, 1920, it took the nominal equivalent of one hundred and twenty-nine dollars of English money to buy one hundred dollars of American, and that a month later, on the first of February, it took one hundred and thirty-nine; that in France on the first of January it took two hundred and sixteen, and on the first of February two hundred and fifty-eight; in Italy on the first of January two hundred and fifty, and on the first of February three hundred and one; while in Germany it took on the first of January one thousand and twenty-five, and on the first of February nineteen hundred and four. Let me also ask, what can there be in the state of trade in Europe or the balances thereof, which makes such discrepancies as between the various countries named, and above all why at the same time the exchanges of those countries were similarly affected toward the gold-paying countries of Europe,—Norway, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, and Spain, as well as toward the rest of the gold-paying world, including the United States, South America, parts of Africa, and the Orient.

I have given their theory such thought as I am capable of, but cannot see the solution except in the single fact that the paper money of Europe is discredited in the minds of the people who are forced to accept it. What the depreciation in paper or the premium for gold, call it what you will, shall be next month I am unable to guess.

Another fallacy which has been so assiduously circulated among us by interested parties as to be somewhat generally believed, is that the fall in foreign exchange is " almost as detrimental for us as exporters as it is for the unfortunate peoples of Europe." The facts are that during the Napoleonic wars, from 1801 to 1821 inclusive, the *volume* of imports into Great Britain increased; that in our period of depreciated paper money the gold value of imports of merchandise into the United States for consumption therein doubled; that during the late war, imports into Great Britain, exclusive of those for the purposes of the Government, increased by more than one-half and that in Italy im-

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ports rose in a still higher ratio. All of which was of course accomplished by borrowing.

Those of us who are, as I am, old enough to remember our period of strain and suffering under depreciated legal tender paper money, which lasted through the years 1862 to 1878 inclusive, and the train of other difficulties, more or less political,—"Greenbackism," "Bryanite Silverism at Sixteen to one," etc.,—which continued to afflict us down to the end of the nineteenth century, can appreciate as younger men cannot, the gravity of the situation now confronting the nations of Europe. Do not think of it at all as a matter of foreign exchange, but rather as one of financial and monetary blundering committed by the nations to which we have always been accustomed to look for sound conservative example on such subjects, based on their long experience and vast accumulations of capital. Out of the slough in which they are now involved, there are three possible ways:—

First: To resume specie payments, as Great Britain did in 1821 after more than twenty years of suspension, and as the United States did on January 1, 1879, after seventeen years of like experience.

Second: To flounder along for indefinite years with a depreciated currency, constantly varying in value in respect to gold, as Spain, Austria and Russia have done.

Third: To repudiate the paper currency as was done by the United States during our Revolutionary War in 1780, when the stuff fell to such a price that it is recorded of a barber in Philadelphia that he papered the walls of his shop with notes of the Continental Congress; and as the French Republic did a few years later with their *assignats*.

Where paper money has fallen to a very great discount (our Continental money became worth only two cents on the dollar, before it was absolutely discarded) the best outcome probably will be to let the stuff become valuable and interesting solely as a memento of past bad times, as soon as possible. After all this would involve merely an internal tax, and one of no very great amount, on any one individual holder, and would fall upon all in proportion to their holdings. Let us hope that the gold-paying countries of the world, among which the United States must take the lead, will work out some solution, by carefully husbanding their resources of gold and of credit based thereon, and intelligently, profitably and liberally using them for the common

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good of the whole world. If this be done we shall in due time see the nations of Europe, one by one, get back on a gold-paying basis. Meanwhile we have nothing to fear except the possible folly of our own Government and our own people in frittering away for maudlin sentiment an opportunity such as does not come to any nation once in a century. Such an opportunity Great Britain seized in 1821 and held until 1914, by making of London a free market for gold, and a safe place for the investment of foreign capital, with the absolute assurance that the owners of it could at all times get it back in kind, that is to say, in gold.

STUYVESANT FISH.

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IS A PANIC LIKELY?

BY B. C. FORBES

BANKERS hold cautious, almost pessimistic views concerning the business outlook.

Industrial leaders, with few exceptions, are distinctly optimistic.

There is, of course, only one set of facts; but the facts are viewed differently by different minds. Since we are all influenced by our environment, and since the things which are nearest us loom largest in our perspective, the bankers turn their eyes and their minds chiefly to the monetary, the financial aspect of the general situation, whereas the manufacturer, the exporter and importer, the merchant, the wholesale distributor, looks at and considers chiefly the facts and conditions immediately surrounding his activities. Therefore, it is perhaps not illogical that there are today two schools of opinion as to the general outlook for trade.

Let us first analyze very briefly the facts and factors which are moving the banking community to act conservatively and to fortify themselves against possible emergencies.

Throughout the war the Federal Reserve Banks' reserves were maintained comfortably above the prescribed 40 per cent. of gold against note issues and 35 per cent. against net deposits. But instead of the strain upon the banks relaxing when peace came, it had become so acute fifteen months after the signing of the Armistice that the New York Federal Reserve Bank, the keystone of the whole structure, reported a deficit in its gold reserve in the latter part of February. This sent a shiver through the whole financial world, for in this country we have made of bank reserves a sort of fetich; indeed, our attitude is suggestive of the old-time regulation in Germany, that there must always be left one cab on each public cab stand, no matter how dire an emergency might arise for the use of that cab. The Bank of

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England regards reserves as something to be used when special need arises for them, and its principle and practice have always been to use its reserves most freely when the most serious need arose. That unquestionably is the statesmanlike conception of the utility of reserves, just as it is the military conception of soldier reserves.

In their alarm over the banking situation, bankers, particularly those in Wall Street, called in loans on such a scale that interest rates for day-to-day loans rose to such heights as the framers and advocates of the Federal Reserve System had confidently believed had passed forever with the passing of our old, anachronistic currency system. Rates for sixty-day, ninety-day and six-months' loans also advanced substantially, and there were many complaints that adequate funds could not be obtained either on Stock Exchange collateral or for commercial purposes. Advances in discount rates by the Federal institutions aggravated the uneasiness among the bankers and influenced them to stiffen their action. Nervousness was intensified, also, by the failure of such measures to bring down the total borrowings at the banks week after week. Events emphasized that abnormal speculation had not been confined to Wall Street, but was rampant in other fields of industry, including foodstuffs, real estate, building materials, leather, raw silk, cotton, etc.

The cautious course adopted by financial interests has been influenced, also, by the demoralization of the international exchanges this year. A collapse in sterling to $3.18 early in the year, accompanied by worse breaks in francs and other continental exchange, was interpreted by responsible bankers as extremely ominous. Material recoveries did not wholly abolish misgivings over the prospects in Europe.

Despite the continuance of tremendously heavy exports coincident with the demoralization in the European exchanges, bankers felt certain that a drastic drop in our foreign trade was inevitable, and they were not at all sure that this would not bring on hurried and perhaps excited curtailment of business activities and sharp price declines here.

The exportation of gold from the United States at the rate of $2,000,000 a day, while welcomed in certain quarters as tending to stimulate deflation, was not without effect upon

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the ability of the banks to cope with borrowers' demands and upon the falling percentage of gold reserves held by the Federal Reserve institutions.

On top of all this, stocks and bonds were falling, sometimes alarmingly. Not only did overboomed industrial shares fall 20, 30, 50 points and sometimes more, as compared with their maximum quotations last year, but even the highest grades of railroad stocks, seasoned corporate bonds of unquestioned safety, and Liberty Bonds, crumpled to unprecedentedly low levels. This phase of recent developments played such a part in unsettling sentiment, and is of such fundamental importance in analyzing the general outlook, that it will be useful to show the extent of the readjustment in security prices:

HOW STOCKS AND BONDS HAVE DECLINED

Stocks

	High, 1919	Recent Low	Decline
Amer. Internat. Corp.	132¼	87	45¼
Amer. Locomotive	117¼	82	35¼
Amer. Tobacco	314½	225	89½
Amer. Woolen	*165½	115	50½
Baldwin Locomotive	154⅛	103½	50⅝
Bethlehem Steel "B"	112	84⅞	27⅛
Crucible Steel	261	191	70
Famous Players	123	65⅛	57⅞
Fisher Body	173	100½	72½
General Motors	406½	228½	178
Keystone Tire & Rubber	126¾	24⅞	101⅞
Pierre Lorillard	245	150	95
Mexican Petroleum	264	161½	102½
Middle States Oil	71¾	30	41¾
New York Dock	70¾	30	40¾
Pan. Amer. Petroleum	140¼	71¾	68½
Pierce Arrow	99	48¾	50¼
Republic Iron & Steel	145	86	59
Sinclair Consolidated	64⅛	35	29⅛
Studebaker	151	81¼	69¾
Texas Co.	345	166⅛	178⅞
Transcontinental Oil	62⅝	20	42⅝
United Retail Stores	119¼	64	55¼
U. S. Industrial Alcohol	167	77½	89½
U. S. Rubber	139¼	91¼	48
U. S. Steel	115½	93	22½

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Bonds

U. S. Liberty 3½s	101.00	94	7.00
U. S. Liberty 1st 4s	96.00	89.20	6.80
U. S. Liberty 4th 4¼s	95.72	89.72	6.00
Amer. Agr. Chem. deb. 5s	111½	93	18½
Amer. Tel. & Tel. Col. tr. 5s	94	80	14
Atch. T. & San. Fe gen 4s	85½	74¼	11¼
Baltimore & Ohio ref. 5s	82½	55½	27
B'klyn Rap. Tran. 7s	84½	39	45½
Ches. & Ohio cvt. 5s	91⅝	75⅛	16½
Erie prior lien 4s	70½	49½	21
Interb. Rap. Tran. ref 5s	75½	43½	32
Lackawanna Steel 5s, 1950	107	86	21
Union Pacific 1st 4s	89¾	79¼	10½
Western Maryland 4s	63	47¼	15¾

From these figures it will be seen that Wall Street has already carried out rather drastic housecleaning. While no mortal can ever foretell what the stock market may do a day, a week or a month hence, the declines here recorded make clear that at least a very large part of the journey from the dizzy heights of war-time inflation to solid ground has been already covered. Indeed, it would scarcely be an exaggeration to say that Wall Street has brought quotations down to a panic basis without accompanying the movement with the excitement and sensationalism which customarily accompany panics.

As much cannot be said, however, of the business situation. Generally speaking, prices are still at or near their maximum heights, the boom in demand continues unabated, wages still tend upward rather than downward (as the recent 10 per cent. increase announced by the United States Steel Corporation reflects), and the majority of business men, instead of sharing the somber views of the bankers, confidently look for floodtide activity for a long time to come.

"Business is good and getting better every day," was the emphatic declaration of Charles M. Schwab at the beginning of March. Referring to events in the financial district, he remarked: "Panicky phases will manifest themselves, especially in the readjustment and reconstruction periods, but I am an optimist, and am sure the business of the country is being readjusted with common sense and on an efficient basis." Mr. Schwab sees no menace in the continuance of

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war-time prices. Nor is he disturbed over the mental state of labor.

Most other men immersed in industrial activities express views similar to those enunciated by Mr. Schwab. Among the developments they cite as justifying their conviction that the boom in business will not be punctured but will, rather, expand, are the following:

The backbone of the country, our agricultural population, is prosperous as never before, and (they contend) bad industrial, commercial or mercantile times never come when the buying power of the nation's farmers is unusually strong.

Labor is enjoying unparalleled wages and continues to manifest an insatiable appetite for luxuries and semi-luxuries as well as necessaries.

Labor agitation reached its peak during the abortive strike of steel workers, and along with abatement in unrest has come an improvement in efficiency, production and discipline, so that one of the worst bugbears of the whole national situation is in process of elimination.

The protracted railroad muddle has finally been cleared up and a law placed on the statute books which, although far from ideal from the point of view either of capital or labor, nevertheless promises to insure a moderate living wage to well-managed, reasonably-capitalized roads. Indeed, in the best-informed circles there are strong expectations that the new law will work out more favorably than is popularly expected, especially as it is assumed that the Interstate Commerce Commissioners have profited by their past mistakes of repression and strangulation and will henceforth regard themselves as protectors of the nation's transportation facilities quite as much as the protectors of shippers.

Industries catering to the building trades point out that there has been a grave dearth of construction during the last five years and that a building boom of incalculable proportions is assured for the next year or two.

Emphasis is laid upon the extraordinary shortage of railway locomotives, freight cars and passenger cars, the virtual famine in steel rails, the imperative need for extensive improvements and expansions, and the general failure of our vast transportation system to keep abreast of the growth of the country's population, resources and production during the period of the World War.

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The whole world is bare of merchandise, and foreign countries will find some means, business optimists declare, of financing enormous purchases of raw materials, machinery, tools and manufactured goods which they can find in no other part of the globe.

The phenomenal stimulus imparted to shipbuilding in this country by the war; the vast but healthy expansion in our oil industry; the upbuilding of the dye and chemical industries; the amazing increase in home and foreign demands for passenger automobiles, motor trucks, tractors and other agricultural machinery; the inception of a return flow of immigrants from Europe; the rise of our "banking power" to $45,000,000,000, as proudly recorded by Comptroller of the Currency Williams; the decline in national expenditures month after month; the prospect of lighter taxation burdens upon individual and corporate income and profits; the indisputable swing away from radicalism by the rank and file of the people, and the increasing confidence that a more businesslike administration will be elected in the fall—all these and a hundred other facts, influences, developments, promises and prospects are cheerfully enumerated and enlarged upon by the majority of business men, who finish up by scornfully asking, "In face of such conditions, how can anyone look for anything savoring of recession or depression?"

I have tried to set down the arguments of both sides, the bankers who have been hoisting red signals and the business men who see nothing but clear tracks ahead. My own view is that the bankers have been well advised to apply the brakes carefully and gradually, so as not to derail the industrial train which was going at too rapid a rate. If monetary trouble can be avoided, if the Federal Reserve Board as well as the bankers keep their heads, if our leading national and international bankers can devise some sensible, well-secured arrangement to extend at least moderate credits to Europe so as to insure prevention of wholesale disaster there, then it may be possible to keep industry and business in general moving along briskly, yet smoothly and successfully.

B. C. FORBES.

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THE FIVE STRIPES OF CHINA'S FLAG

CHARLES H. SHERRILL

THE flag of the Chinese Republic consists of five horizontal stripes, red, yellow, blue, white and black. Among the Chinese and Japanese these five hues are considered to comprise all the colors of the rainbow, for in the one which the Chinese call "ching" is included blue, green, purple, and all their shades. The so-called "five colored" porcelain of ancient China, thus interpreted, therefore, means that the artist used all his palette in its coloring. These five stripes on the Chinese flag represent its different peoples, the red one standing for those of the original eighteen provinces of China, the yellow for the Manchus, the blue (or, more properly, the "ching") for the Mongolians, the white for the Thibetans, and the black for the folk of Chinese Turkestan.

In substituting this new national emblem for the old flag of the Chinese Empire which displayed a great Dragon with hungry jaws, the Chinese Republic seems to an onlooker to have admitted that the days of the swallowing Dragon were over, and had been succeeded by a division of their land into strips, symbolizing the swallowing by five foreign Powers, England, France, Russia, Germany and Japan. The new banner reminds us that the time is past for academic discussion of the future partitioning of China —it is *already* broken up either into "spheres of influence" or else into outright partitions. If anyone questions this, will he kindly point out any considerable block of Chinese territory which has not already been seized by outsiders, or marked out as "a sphere of influence," or tabbed by some one Power with its tabu sign notifying all others to keep their hands off! Where is there a province of China without a foreign garrison, or one which she could alienate to any foreign Power without promptly eliciting a protest

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from one or more of the other international bandits? The United States, alone of all the great Powers, has not taken a hand in slicing up the Chinese cake. We alone have torn no strip off the Chinese flag.

The real slicing of the cake began way back in 1842, when, after winning a comic opera war against China, England seized Hongkong (now her great naval base in the Far East), forced the opening of five Chinese ports, obtained the right to trade generally, and to establish Consulates. Right here, at the beginning, the United States Government put itself on record by officially announcing to the Chinese Government through Caleb Cushing that "we do not desire any portion of the territory of China, nor any terms or conditions whatever which shall be otherwise than just and honorable to China as well as to the United States." And to this proposition we have consistently and honestly adhered. In 1845 the British took Shanghai and also Kowloon, near Hongkong. In 1858 to 1860 Russia set the fashion for large-scale plundering by helping herself to all the land north of the Amur and east of the Ussuri rivers, a million square miles with six hundred miles of coast line. In 1885 and 1886, France, after brief and inglorious hostilities, took her great Tonkin territory in the south. These two wars were very little ones, with even less glory; the loot, however, was excellent.

In 1890, after General Graham's army had invaded and subdued Thibet, that portion of ancient China yielded herself by treaty to England's advance, which was broadened and confirmed by their trade treaty of 1893. The really exhilarating scramble for Chinese territory took place from 1895 to 1898. In the former year France, by treaties with China (and Siam in 1883) extended her former holdings by a territory half again as large as France herself, with a population of 22,000,000. She now rules a total of 80,000,000 Chinese. In that same year Japan, after a short war with China, in which her losses were negligible, demanded Formosa, the Pescadores islands and the great Liao-Tung peninsula of South Manchuria. It was just at this point that an element of humor crept into the tragedy of China's spoliation. Learning of Japan's demands, Russia, Germany and France united in a joint note to Japan declaring that it would menace international peace if Japan received her South Manchurian demands. Of course Japan had to

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submit, only to see Wei-hai-wei taken by England, and a little later what she had asked in South Manchuria (and more, too!) by Russia, but, oddly enough, without injury to the same international peace concerning which the European Powers had been so solicitous.

In 1896 France and England made notable advances in the southern provinces of Yunnan and Szechuen respectively. 1897 and 1898 were banner years for European looters, for it was during the former that England got more land on the north Burma frontier, France (in March) served her "non-alienation" or "hands off" notice regarding the large island province of Hainan, while in November, thanks to the murder of two German missionaries in Shantung, Germany obtained her excuse for seizing Kiachao Bay together with much hinterland, since become famous under its province name of Shantung. Whereupon Russia, "in compensation for" what Germany had just obtained, demanded Port Arthur! That phrase "in compensation for" is really delightfully comic, if you only stop to think of it. Really, there is a great deal of innocent amusement to be derived from watching the moves in the strangulation of China, assuming, of course, that the observer be not Chinese.

February 11th, 1898, England served a "non-alienation to other Powers" notice regarding the entire valley of the Yangste Kiang river—the heart of China and commercially its most valuable section. On April 10th, 1898, (the day after Germany seized Kiachao) France claimed and took the whole Bay of Kwang-chow upon the same terms as Germany got Kiachao, and furthermore she followed England's lead by serving one of the all-too-familiar "non-alienation to other Powers" notices concerning all Chinese territory lying south of that covered by England's similar notice of February 11th blanketing the Yangste Valley, and especially protecting the provinces just north of her Tonkin. April 26th, Japan did the same regarding the province of Fukien, because, forsooth, it was that part of the mainland which fronted her island of Formosa, ninety miles away across the sea! Observe, please, that there is honor among thieves.

Next the "in compensation for" joke was sprung once more, of course with the usual success, when England, "in compensation for" Russia's "lease" (another humorous

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touch) of Port Arthur insisted upon having her "lease" of Wei-hei-wai extended so as to be coterminous with that of the Russians across the way at Port Arthur. And now for the only surprise in the whole endeavor, the one and only grab that did not succeed,—Italy demanded Sanmen Bay on the Chekiang Coast, and was refused. It seems incredible that Italy should not be allowed to thrust her hand in the international grab-bag, but evidently, while five (England, France, Russia, Germany and Japan) "was company, six was a crowd", to paraphrase the old saying. In passing, it is interesting to note that all this 1898 grabbing went on while the United States was occupied with the Spanish war.

Nineteen hundred will long be remembered as the year of the Boxer outbreak in China, the march of the six allied military commands to the relief of their Legations in Peking, the three hundred million tael indemnity demanded by the allied Powers, the definite occupation of South Manchuria by the Russians, and the then meaningless punitive devastations of the German troops under definite orders from the Kaiser to recall and revive the savagery of their ancestors the Huns. Little did the world then understand the true modern meaning of the word Hun, now deeply graven on the tombstone of Germany's hopes! We Americans may properly take pride in recalling that we alone returned to China our share of the indemnity paid us ($20,000,000).

In 1905, as a result of Japan's notable victory over Russia, she replaced that Power in South Manchuria, and subsequently in her claims over Eastern Inner Mongolia. The mills of the gods ground slowly, but thus after ten years' wait Japan had her revenge for Russia's interference in her spoils of the 1895 victory over China. During all the fifteen years following 1895 Japan, always competing with Russia, had been tightening her hold upon Korea, until at last, August 29, 1910, she cast off all diplomatic paraphrase and camouflage, deposed the Korean emperor and formally annexed his country. November 3, 1912, after Outer Mongolia had revolted from Chinese sovereignty, the revolt was formally approved by Russia (who doubtless in no wise encouraged or assisted therein!), but this document was nothing more or less than a declaration of that province passing into a Russian "sphere of influence," which China, by her

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treaty with Russia of November 5, 1913, duly recognized. August 15, 1914 Japan delivered her ultimatum to Germany to surrender to her before September 15th all her Shantung holdings "with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." The date of that eventuality has not yet been set. January 18, 1915 Japan presented her outrageous twenty-one demands upon China, which after fruitless remonstrance, were accepted May 8th, but with formal announcement by China that it was done under duress. This unwise move of Japan's is now condemned by many intelligent Japanese.

There are other chapters in this grim despoiling of China, but the foregoing is tragedy enough for the average fair-minded onlooker. Taken altogether, it affords a strange picture of the systematic dismemberment of a great Oriental people as taught by four Christian nations of Europe, and learned by one Oriental pupil, copying its Occidental teachers before it be too late, and the white races occupy too much nearby territory, thereby endangering her seclusive safety.

The last act in the drama was the reduction of the five spoliators of China to four, by the substitution of Japan for Germany in Shantung. What will be the final outcome? Will the spoliators drop out one by one as Germany did, leaving all their spoliations to the survivors?

This breaking-up of China was materially aided by the marked differences existing between the types of Chinese inhabiting the various provinces. Then, too, the lamentable lack of roads or any other form of intercommunication except waterways facilitated piecemeal spoliation. Even close to so great a center as Canton, the only roads are footpaths running along the top of dikes separating the paddy fields. Although in some other sections rude carts are possible, the narrowness of the average road has caused large wheelbarrows (sometimes assisted by a sail) generally to supersede the cart.

Up in the north, in the loess geological formation (Province of Chihli, Shantung, Honan, Shansi and Shensi), the earth is so friable that the narrow roads are worn down further and further into the earth. In Shantung some of them are seventy feet below the surface of the ground; the effect of rain on such a road can be easily imagined—it certainly does not encourage travel even between neighbor-

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ing villages. All this meant the gradual development of widely differing customs and habits, as well as contrasting philosophies and psychologies. Within the confines of greater China may be found as striking racial and thought differentiations as those marking all the European countries from the North Sea and the Baltic down to the Mediterranean. In this sense one may consider the Gulf of Chihli or the ever-shifting Hoang-ho or Yellow River as China's Baltic, and the Yangste Valley or the West River still farther south, as her Mediterranean. Even today when the different sections of China are being connected by modern improvements in communications, south Chinamen differ from the northerners as greatly as do the Latin races of south Europe from its Teutonic peoples. Even far back in history these marked divergencies existed. Five centuries before the Christian era the idealism of the great Chinese sage Laotse differed widely from the prosaic ethics later known as Confucianism, which came out of Shantung in the north. The followers of the great northerner, Confucius, learn from his writings a benevolent communism, which contrasts sharply with the individualism so highly prized in south China. In art the south shows marked differences from the north. Even as early as the third century A. D., painting flourished much more in the south than in the north, where sculpture and architecture were more highly esteemed and therefore developed. In view of these and other dissimilarities, it is remarkable that such differing peoples as the Chinese of the various provinces could so long have held together, and inertia is perhaps the best explanation therefor. Nevertheless, these differences were all the time militating against any united resistance to the gradual breaking-up which land-grabbing by foreigners was accomplishing.

Some European writers contend that the Chinese are not capable of governing themselves. Is this true? Are the Chinese themselves qualified to develop good government? What answer to this question does one get from their history or from a visit to their country? The student of Chinese self-government finds unrolled before his eyes one long monotonous scroll recording misgovernment badly administered. Dishonesty at the top and dishonesty all the way down to the smallest official, plus an amazing inefficiency. During the days of the monarchy many foreign friends of

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China sighed for a republic, because the imperial officials were so notoriously inept and crooked. "Squeeze" prevailed everywhere, and an official position was valued according to the opportunity it gave for getting money "on the side." But all this unsavory state of affairs was going to be changed if and when a republic was set up. The monarchy fell, a republic was proclaimed, and the new day dawned! What has the daylight of that new day revealed?—graft everywhere, just as before,—nothing changed but the identity of the grafters. The split between the north and south of China exists and continues because of the ample opportunities it affords for graft.

The matter of soldiers' pay necessitated by the strained relations between the two sections is worth considering. There are said to be 87,000 troops quartered in Canton alone. Of course they are perfectly useless there, and a four days' observation of their appearance confirms one's conclusions in that regard, for in no other land could one see such an agglomeration of weedy old men and boys, —"all sorts and conditions of men." But they are soldiers, which means soldiers' pay, which in turn means that somebody is making a nice profit on each and every one of them, so the more employed the more profit. It's a wonder there are not more than 87,000 of them. One of their Major Generals is a comprador in a local bank, and our guide (who, when not guiding, runs a photograph shop, and is also manager of a plumbing establishment) employed his leisure hours as drill-master with the rank of Major!

At Canton one gets quite an insight into the present status of Chinese naval affairs. The West River, in its reaches above Canton, is infested with pirates, while even the boats plying downstream to Hongkong have their decks patrolled by guards carrying rifles. Any decently efficient or self-respecting naval force would promptly wipe out this mediaeval discredit to order and good government, but how do the Chinese treat the situation? Lying in the river, just off the Bund of Canton and convenient to the long rows of so-called "Flower Boats" (dives of every sort) are a number of river gunboats flying the Chinese naval flag. As a military force they deserve the name of "junk" even more than any of that craft floating by them, but even so they could stop this anachronistic river-piracy if they wished. Instead they lie comfortably anchored alongside Canton. A few miles down

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the river at Whampoa (once a favorite anchorage for the famous American clipper ships) lie, and for two years have lain, three fine Chinese battle cruisers, sent down from the north to overawe this leading city of the south, the largest in population of any in China. Naval pay goes on and the boats fly the Chinese flag, so that is all that is necessary. Is it any wonder that the Japanese won their 1895 war against China with small losses?

So much for China's possibilities in the manly art of self-defense, and now what about that fundamental prerequisite for self-government—decency and honesty of the individual citizen? Some one has said that a nation gets the government it deserves, but no better. The filth of the average Chinaman is incredible. After one has walked through several of their villages, where dirty houses are thronged with ill-kept children, dirty pigs and unwashed adults, or has visited a couple of those huddled-up, never-cleansed rabbit-warrens they call cities, he sighs for the neat and tidy houses of Japan, the land where even the poor coolie has his hot bath every day. How can decency get a fair start in a Chinese village or overcrowded city? Turning to the question of individual honesty, a traveller in China hears more about thieving, and reads more about it in the papers than anywhere else in the world. One's effects must always be kept locked up, in striking contrast to Japan, where hotel rooms may be safely left unlocked without fear of loss. Even in Hongkong, admirably governed by the British as it is, shops are constantly being broken into by the Chinese, hats are snatched from passengers in jinrickshas, and counterfeit money, so common in China, is constantly passed on foreigners. I never saw any counterfeit money in Japan, but was caught twice within an hour after landing in China, and frequently thereafter. The Hongkong *Post* of December 18, 1919, summed up in a masterly editorial a general indictment against the Chinese for robbery, motor-car hold-ups, murder of gaol-keepers, etc. Villages are compactly built with no straggling houses, for fear of the numerous robbers constantly abroad in the land. Nor is thieving confined to the innumerable and omnipresent poor, for whom necessity might provide an excuse. The month before we visited Canton, the comprador of a local bank who draws a modest salary, entertained at dinner over 4,000 people! Of course he didn't steal, he only " squeezed ".

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This brings us to the crux of the business and political problems in China,—public opinion expects everybody in power to "squeeze," and nobody objects to it, for each man hopes to be able later to take a hand in the game, even if he is not already engaged therein. Of course there are honest Chinamen, many of them, but public opinion countenances the "squeeze" system, and upon such a public opinion good government cannot be built. Foreign traders in Manchuria allege that this system of demanding "squeeze" by the Chinese officials is being employed by the Japanese to keep shut "the Open Door."

Perhaps the worst curse of China is its craze for gambling. Everybody does it, and the consequence is that many who have means become beggared, and the poor stay poor. Some of that hard-working class, the chair porters of Canton and Hongkong, make as high as twenty dollars per month, which is much for such frugal-living folk, but it all goes into the gambling houses. And how is the new republic meeting this national evil that saps the nation's honesty even more than its wealth? For a while it was shut down, but about two years ago the gamblers were allowed to recommence operations, so that in cities like Canton gambling is now wide open. And who controlled the political situation in that city when so vicious a revival of gambling was permitted—some survivor of the old imperial regime? Not at all; no less a progressive reformer than Dr. Sun Yat Sen, a prominent factor in establishing the Republic. An American naval officer stationed in Chinese waters told me that early in 1917 the Chinese Admiral in Canton felt that he was not getting "his share," and became restive, but that after Dr. Sun Yat Sen and he had had a conference on a boat upriver, half a million dollars was devoted to arsenal improvements, which cleared the political air. It would be interesting to scrutinize the details of the expenditure of that money, and check up the improvements it effected at the Arsenal.

When the Republic first came in, a determined stand was taken against the opium traffic, but laxity and worse by officials of the Republic has permitted a decided recrudescence in the trade, especially in the provinces of Shensi, Kiangsu (whose capital is Nanking) and Kwei-chow. It was not for nothing that the Chinese have long had their customs service under the financial supervision of a Brit-

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isher. The fair-minded traveller, even after a short stay in the Celestial Republic, can hardly reach any other conclusion than that government of the Chinese by the Chinese will always produce the same results it has produced in the past and is today producing—inefficient government of the squeezed by the squeezers.

Lest the shortness of my stay in China made too hasty my conclusions as to Chinese character, let them be checked up against public statements by Dr. Charles K. Edmunds, for sixteen years a teacher in that country, and by Dr. George E. Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, who spent last summer travelling all over the country from Mukden to Canton and from Shanghai to Changsha on behalf of the magnificent medical benefactions which Mr. Rockefeller's millions are there bestowing. Both Dr. Edmunds and Dr. Vincent are well known leaders of scientific thought and men of unusually clear vision, and both are enthusiastic as to China's future. But what do they say of its present? In Dr. Edmunds' *33,000 Miles in China* we find an amazing series of episodes showing the knavery and especially the thievery to which the traveller is exposed in a country of pre-mediaeval civilization and lack of communications. Says Dr. Vincent in his recently published article, "Chinese Progress in Medicine, Schools and Politics":

> It must be owned that there are disconcerting features in present-day Chinese life. "The Chinese lavishes so much loyalty on family, community and province that he has none left for the nation," says a clever returned student at dinner. "The country is practically sold out now; no wonder the Peking politicians are getting what they can," declares another. "Oh, we always absorb any invaders in the course of two or three centuries," is the philosophic dictum of a serene spectator of his country's danger. In a company of intelligent, foreign-trained young Chinese, some of them minor Government officials, questions about the composition of the present legislative bodies, the qualifications of the electors, the number participating in the voting and the like, elicit amused replies or merely provoke gently ironic laughter. Certain things in China may well cause apprehension: the division between North and South, which are terms of political faith rather than of geography; large armies unpaid for months, living on the countryside and terrorizing towns and cities; bandits now and then committing depredations within a few miles of centres like Peking and Canton; a government vacillating between the demands of militarists and fear of popular uprisings; revenues needed for constructive national tasks diverted to the uses of clamorous generals or dissipated in administration inefficient or worse; the development of natural resources hindered by the lack of public order and security; internal discord and weakness inviting aggression from without.

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He points out that "there are nearly two hundred and fifty hospitals almost exclusively for Chinese patients, established and maintained by Protestant missionaries . . . Various Catholic orders offer hospital service, generally in the large centers." Where would hygiene in China be if these foreign-maintained institutions were suppressed and only the few Chinese-conducted ones left? The situation would be even more appalling than it is now. One of the most important temples in the largest city in China (Canton) is devoted to the God of Medicine. It is thronged by devotees who upon a small payment are allowed to draw lots and receive the prescription bearing the number they draw, and this prescription they have filled and take! In a similar temple in Shanghai they paste a prayer on that portion of a sacred image which corresponds with the ache in the suppliant's anatomy. Please notice that these practices obtain in important and improved centres of Chinese civilization and not merely in some obscure and untutored mountain village. Dr. Vincent speaks of young Chinese doctors being "trained in the United States, Europe and Japan. In the last-named country medical education of an excellent character is given in the best schools, such as that of the Imperial University of Tokio." He is quite right, and the education of every kind which China is today getting from foreigners (and without which she would receive almost none!) is everywhere in Japan provided by the Japanese themselves, and that, too, of the most modern type. I attended over half a dozen lectures at the University of Kyoto, in Political Economy, Administrative Law, advanced use of the X-Ray, etc., and was amazed at the high standard of education there displayed, and the deep interest and careful attention of the students.

But isn't there possible some middle-of-the-road plan between the discouraging inefficiency and corruption of a Chinese-run government, and foreigners tearing of her land into as many strips as her flag has stripes? The great loans (Millard says four hundred million dollars) which Japanese bankers have recently poured into China with studied carelessness as to their useful application shows that Chinese corruption must be headed off at the source of the stream. Loans to such officials should only be made under supervision of their expenditure, preferably by an international control. In this way no one country or group will be

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tempted territorially to foreclose on mortgages obtained for money wasted or stolen by Chinese officials. How this can be worked out it is difficult to say, but the best plan yet advanced is the foreign loan consortium now under negotiation, which is essentially but the logical outcome of Secretary Knox's admirable suggestion for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, which, if it served no other purpose, at least proved the non-existence of the much touted Open Door in China. International control of the Chinese customs works admirably, and there is no reason to fear that if such a system were extended, the extension would not function equally well.

The whole Chinese problem has reached such an acute stage that it seems necessary either regretfully to admit that it is too late or impractical to save their sovereignty for the Chinese, or else to show our prompt willingness to take a definite and decided stand in the matter. America must take part by contributing her share in money toward an international consortium which will so control all China's security for loans as to make impossible the control of any slice of her territorial sovereignty by an unscrupulous lender, be he an individual or a nation. Failing this willingness to "take part," America must cease her "policy of pin-pricks"—of criticizing what Japan or any other Power is doing to push its commercial or other interests in China. But whatever else we do or don't do, there is need for definite assurance by our Government of backing to such of our business men as undertake proper ventures in China. Not long ago it was the fashion to abuse fair government support of its nationals abroad—the critics called it "dollar diplomacy"—but I for one earnestly believe that the American business man deserves support from home when his American dollar is invested abroad. Once this was an academic question, but so great has grown our profit balance that now American capital must seek outlet abroad, and he who denies it proper protection is no true American. It was in just such a manly manner that the British Union Jack increased its prestige by protecting its commerce in foreign fields. Our progressive business men deserve as well of us as does the honest British trader of his own Government, and it is a safe prediction that the American is going to get it.

CHARLES H. SHERRILL.

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THE TYPHUS TRAIN

BY RILEY ALLEN

Telegram

"Nikolsk, Siberia, August 27—To the American Red Cross, Vladivostok; There is a train of 30 Russian box cars with 150 sick Russian soldiers at Nikolsk from Perm. Have been on the road since May 10 and at Nikolsk four days. There are 44 cases of spotted fever, 85 cases of typhus and two cases of dysentery. There are four nurses, two of whom are sick. Two doctors were in charge of train, one of whom died at Razdolnoe yesterday of cholera. No medicines, clothing or linen. Can you do anything to assist in taking care of these people promptly? (Signed) Major Blunt."

I.

The train stood on a siding of the Trans-Siberian Railroad—a long train of little Russian box cars, faded red in color. They were on the track farthest from the tiny station. Under the flaming sun of an August morning, the sand and cinder of the railroad yard gave up an intense heat; it was as if the train stood upon a red-hot stove; and over the yard danced and shimmered torrid waves in which the green of Siberia's summer foliage was burning to lifeless brown. The line of track ran north and south in a broad valley, threaded by brooks, dotted with the homes of peasants, with carts moving slowly along roads, and with cattle, goats and sheep grazing in the fields. Now and then some small village showed its cluster of huts. And as over the railroad yard, so over the whole countryside hung the mantle of suffocating heat. From 7 in the morning the temperature climbed steadily; by noon it was near a hundred in the meager shade of the box-cars—a shade that afforded an appearance of relief as elusive and cruelly deceitful as a mirage on the blazing desert.

The train had pulled slowly into the siding from the

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north at dawn of that August morning. The wheezing little engine detached itself and puffed away, leaving the long string of box-cars motionless. Before the engine was off the siding, from the half-open sliding doors of the cars figures began to creep and crawl, and presently some of these figures got themselves slowly and awkwardly down to the ground. In ten minutes, up and down the tracks, around the boxes on wheels, there were fifty or seventy-five men. They lay or sat upon the sand and cinders, or crawled on hands and knees, or, half-upright, staggered about as aimlessly as if they were blind men blundering eternally into unseen obstacles. Some of them fell, and lay immobile, and the rising sun set its slanting rays upon their prostrate figures. Those slanting rays searched out the dark interiors of the box-cars, too, and fell upon men supine at the doors. Their hands sometimes dangled over the sills, the arms limp; and hands and arms were shriveled to knots and bones over which the meager, dry skin stretched taut; stiff and fleshless as the claws of birds.

Further back, in the still-dusky interiors, other men were sprawled upon the rough flooring as if they had fallen there —and indeed, some of them had fallen. There were still other men on rude bunks of planking; two tiers of bunks on each side of the doors; over the planking a thin covering of straw. Some men had crept far back into corners, and lay with knees drawn up, limbs and body a-huddle. Some lay with arms outflung, faces to the roof. Some were clothed in the rags of gray overcoats, dingy gray uniforms, or tattered undergarments. Some were clothed in the remnants of blankets.

The sun rose higher and higher; the heat grew steadily; and soon after dawn clouds of flies which had dotted the walls during the dark hours appeared in ceaseless, buzzing activity. They swarmed thick and black as swarms of bees, settling upon the men, crawling upon hands and faces and upon clothing, crawling over the floors and walls; upon the ground outside. The air around the train was dotted with them like flights of midgets. Persistent, voracious and innumerable, they gathered about the train until their buzzing was audible a dozen yards from the track. Some of the men fought feebly against these myriad pests; upon others they settled and crawled unmolested.

As the light grew, a close observer could have seen upon

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the men and their clothing and upon blankets, bunks and floors, other things more unclean than the flies. The cars swarmed with vermin; the gray lice gathered in patches as large as the palm of the hand upon the lean frames of the men; colonized in their long, unkempt hair. As some of the soldiers fought weakly with the flies, so did they fight with the lice; searching dully in their clothing, or scratching themselves with their shriveled, grimy fingers. Many of those who lay or sat upon the ground kept up this scratching hour after hour, tormented by a ceaseless itch, until their scraping of the abraded skin with broken fingernails was a gesture automatic and hopeless.

There were fourteen of these cars from which men slowly emerged to wander about the train or cluster in listless groups close by. Twenty-seven cars constituted the string; one of these was a small and dilapidated passenger-coach.

A few of the men, gathering twigs and rubbish, built tiny fires, and over the fires placed tin-cans, or small pannikins. Now and then one had a kettle. They brought from wrappings of foul rags bits of moldy bread, or decaying meat; and they began to cook in their inadequate vessels.

Four men, apparently somewhat stronger than the others, but in rags scarcely less filthy, appeared from the passenger-coach and went to one of the box-cars. Two clambered inside, the others waited. The two who had gone in presently brought to the doorway a long, limp bundle wound in a gray overcoat, and then the four carried this bundle to a car which had been closed, its sliding door close shut. They opened the sliding-door and heaved the bundle inside, where it lay with five others.

The men in the cars and on the ground paid no heed to the little procession or to what the four carried. They went on with their various tasks of cooking, scratching and fighting the flies. Some of them who had been sitting, fell forward to the sand. One man dropped as he stood in the doorway of a car—dropped four feet to the ground—and lay twitching.

The heat grew; the flies increased; the vermin incessantly tormented the men in rags; and the train sent forth an intolerable smell of putridity. The air was tainted with it; a mantle of contamination hung over the long line of

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box-cars; there was grim menace in the stench of corruption that radiated from cars and flies and vermin and men.

II.

We found the Train of Horror on the lonely siding at mid-morning of that sweltering August day when we came up from the south—four of us with our two Red Cross cars coupled to a freight. The cars were loaded with blankets, sheets, underwear, towels and medicines. At noon the day before, an American railroad man—one of that fine corps which went to Siberia to tackle the job of rehabilitating a shattered railway system—telephoned from Nikolsk, 105 versts north, to his office in Vladivostok, sending the message which leads this story. The two cars were loaded that afternoon, they went north that night. The typhus train in Nikolsk went south, headed toward Vladivostok, and on the Razdolnoe siding we saw it and its burden of dying men.

III.

On May 10 this train—called a Russian sanitary train—had started from Perm with soldiers who had been fighting on the Ural front against the Bolsheviks. The soldiers were ill with spotted typhus fever, relapsing or recurrent fever and dysentery; and some had not recovered from wounds. The chief doctor of the train left Perm with orders to place the soldiers in a hospital at Omsk, 500 miles away. At Omsk every hospital overflowed with sick and wounded. He was ordered on. He reached the next city, and was ordered on; the next, and still could find no room; and again was ordered on.

This chief doctor died of cholera. His assistant, broken with overwork, discouragement and inability to relieve his suffering charges, could give us, at Razdolnoe, only the outlines of this story of their long and terrible passage from the Urals to Vladivostok. The train—nothing but a freight in physical make-up—crept from station to station across Siberia. It crept across Za-Baikal, and across Manchuria, and into the Maritime Provinces—and then down toward Vladivostok.

Wounds, fever, famine and failure of all medical and hospital supplies transformed the train of help into a train of pestilence. More than fifty died along the way; and of those who reached Razdolnoe most would die unless relief

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came speedily. From the first their food had been insufficient; latterly they were travelling through a country largely inundated with countless refugees from western Siberia, who, fleeing before the Bolsheviks, had scraped the station-towns bare of food supplies. The train manager was furnished with a small amount of Siberian or Kolchak government money. This is not current in Manchuria, and in Manchuria the sick men starved. There is no doubt that some of the deaths were from starvation quite as much as disease. And it was a train of starving as well as fevered men we saw that morning at Razdolnoe.

They had waited for help four days in Nikolsk. None came. The Nikolsk hospitals were filled, there was report of a Russian barracks near Razdolnoe which might be used, and so once again the box-cars were hitched to an engine, and the train moved forward on the long road of death.

At Perm, in European Russia, May 10; at Razdolnoe, on the Pacific Coast of Siberia, August 28. Between those dates a grim, endless stretch of suffering, disappointment and despair. The distance is greater than from New York to San Francisco and back to Chicago, and those soldiers had traversed it in box-cars where they lay on boards; had traversed it while stricken with a deadly fever which burns the flesh from the bones and brings tortures of pain; they had traversed it in a torrid summer whose tropic heat is almost as extreme as the Arctic cold of the Siberian winter.

More than fifty dead—that is the least surprising of these facts. The surprising thing is that any survived to crawl and totter about the box-cars, and, as we approached them, to stretch out to us hands skinny as claws and implore us mutely for food to gulp into their shrunken bellies.

Two days later we were back at Razdolnoe from Nikolsk. We had searched Nikolsk for quarters for the soldiers, and had found none. We had meanwhile relieved temporarily the most pressing needs of those aboard the train. And this time we came back to clean up the train and its patients while waiting for Russian military, medical and civil officials in Vladivostok, Nikolsk, and Razdolnoe to settle the question of where the train should discharge its human pestilence. Five died while the train waited; three died on the day when we arrived for the second time.

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IV.

The following is from the writer's diary for that day, August 30:

"To-day, between 11 and 7:30, we cleaned the train, bathed every sick soldier, five *sanitars,* some other attendants; gave them new bedding of sweet smelling hay, blankets and other supplies; got 115 pounds of beef from the American Army post here—enough for two fine, big meals and several helpings of wholesome soup—cleaned up the Razdolnoe station yard where the train has stood since Thursday morning, and to-night, after burying eight dead, we are on the way to Spasskoe, orders having come through from the Supreme Russian General at Vladivostok ordering the train to Spasskoe, where the 20th Military Hospital (Russian) was to take them in. The end of our search for quarters is here, and though we anticipate some difficulty in putting our soldiers into the hospital, because we doubt if it is ready for them, still they have been given emergency relief, and we are confident that the rapid wasting by death has been checked.

"We came down from Nikolsk last night—or rather this morning, between two and four o'clock—to clean up the train and its patients and keep them clean until hospital space should be found. It was still dark when the engine from Nikolsk dropped our two cars on the siding, and we, who had been sleeping in our clothes, got up and saw that the cars were placed on the same track as the train from Perm.

"The typhus train loomed dimly, a long line of black against the dun of the yard. In two cars faint lights burned. One of those cars has sick nurses, women who have worked themselves almost to death, the other has *sanitars,* or attendants, in no better shape. The wheezy engine puffed off, back toward Nikolsk, and Razdolnoe yard was deserted, and quiet except for the moans which came incessantly from the shadowy cars, moans that now and then rose to screams or broken, animal whines. In those cars fevered and starving men were dragging out another night of misery. In those cars some were giving up the fight, others on the verge of surrender. As we looked, from one or another of the cars emerged vague blurs—men slowly and painfully crawling from the half-open doors to the ground, and we saw a few of them wandering about. Perhaps in

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these cars the wearied *sanitars* were asleep, and fevered soldiers had escaped to stagger aimlessly about the yard, or lie down on the rails. Presently the *sanitars* emerged, found their men, and drove or carried them back into the stinking boxes.

"We slept again in our clothes, and then, after a hasty breakfast, set to work. The sick men were just beginning to stir. There was no reason for them to stir—at dawn or any other time. They had nothing in particular to do—nothing but to suffer. They had no breakfast in prospect but some moldy or decayed green bread, tea weak as water, soup with barely a hint in it of half-rotten meat, or sausage offensive to the smell as garbage. They had nothing in prospect but another day of heat, dust, flies, running sores, weakness, pain, despair.

"Why should they crawl from their soiled, evil-smelling rags, thinly covering greasy boards—crawl down to lie on the floors, or on the ground, or to hobble and stagger up and down the narrow lanes of rails?

"Yet a little later they did begin to crawl out, slowly as dying animals from their dens. They began to come out with their battered cups and tin-cans and pails, their nauseous food wrapped in more nauseous swaddlings, and some tottered down the embankment and into the tall, lush grass, seeking to find food. I saw them pulling up roots of great weeds, and gnawing these roots. I saw some of them fall in the green growths, and rise after a while to begin anew their search . . . .

"And these men this morning were clinging still to their frail mortality, their mortality which at any moment might be taken from them by the inexorable hand of the evil Death which has haunted their train since it left Perm. They struggled, and fought, and clutched and clung as if life to them were sweet and dear and cast in pleasant places, instead of in places of infinite pain and want.

V.

"We went back to our cars and ravished our food-stock for bread and such canned goods as would be immediately useful. We had done so before, but our own stock is just enough for the trip. Expecting to find hospital space at Nikolsk immediately, our train was loaded with blankets, underwear, etc. to be given the patients after they were

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cleaned in the hospital baths and placed in the hospital beds. The job we are now facing is one we did not prepare for—one we could not foresee. Otherwise, we should have brought quite as much food as clothing.

"We gathered up all the food we could spare, shared rations with the less fortunate, and because there was not nearly enough to go around and because we could not take the responsibility of saying who of these hungering men should be fed from this scanty store, I gave the food to the cook-car with strict instructions to feed from it those starving most acutely.

"All of the doctors, nurses and attendants on the car were still asleep, so we went to the station master—the *natchalnik stancia*—told him we were going to clean up the train while others settled the conflict regarding its disposition, and that we wanted his help. We said we proposed to clean it with what facilities we had and what we could devise there in the bare station yard, and that we would start it at once. I will say for this *natchalnik stancia* that he is one of the livest Russians I have known. He would do credit to any nationality. A big, smiling, rather fleshy chap with a red face and long, flowing mustaches; clad in a white jacket and railway man's cap and huge, ample trousers, he looms up in my memories of these last few days like the genial sun breaking through on a stormy day.

"With the *natchalnik stancia* we went out to the yard to lay plans and mark the field of battle. We had just started when the telephone in his office rang. It was a long-distance call for the *natchalnik stancia,* and he had word from Vladivostok that the Supreme General there ordered the train to proceed immediately to Spasskoe.

"This order was final, definite, imperative; it could not be disobeyed. But there was no engine in the yard, and we told the station master that while the engine was coming down from Nikolsk we would begin cleaning the train. It would have been murder for the train to be kicked up and down the line for another week uncleansed and with the wants of the men unrelieved, and we knew that if ever we should start the process of cleaning, it would take more than engines to get that train out of the yard until we had finished. '*Harosho*—all right' we said to the station master. 'You send to Nikolsk for your engine; we will clean the

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train, and we will keep on cleaning until the very moment that the engine starts to pull out.'

"After these interruptions we went ahead full steam. The train people were now up and about. We laid out the plan of getting hot and cold water, cleaning the cars, reclothing the patients and preparing the train for exit from Razdolnoe. We hunted for more than an hour in the station and vicinity for various facilities, and took an hour longer to get the various squads of men—pitiful, small squads they were, too—organized and instructed in what they were to do when the cleaning should commence. We hunted the nearby village for a *banya,* or bathhouse, found a very good one—with the single exception that the stove was hopelessly out of repair. You can't bathe heavy typhus cases in cold water. We abandoned the *banya* idea after one cleansing—and decided to build a *banya* of our own. We cut the train in two, ran the cars ten feet apart—thus giving us two sides for our bath house—and the other two sides could be made out of sheets stretched from poles. We went to that with a special gang told off to put it up.

"At the station there was a very limited amount of hot water—we needed an unlimited amount. We descended on three or four sleepy, indifferent Chinamen in charge of the *kub* at the *lafka,* or little store, operated by the railroad. In the compartment where hot water is kept always on tap for railroad passengers who drop off here to refill their tea kettles or samovars we found two great *kubui,* or caldrons, but only one of them contained water, and that was lukewarm. After a brief but bitter fight we menaced our Chinese friends into firing up the other boiler and doubling the amount of hot water. This would require another hour.

"We built the bath of poles and sheeting, commandeered lumber and floored a wide space, got galvanized iron garbage-cans from our train and pails from our own stock, borrowed all the pails on the typhus train, organized a hot-water gang, and the station master called out one of his force to give us water from the big hose which feeds the engines as they come panting in.

"We had to carry hot water about 100 yards. We called on the doctor of the train for all the men workers available. He had twenty able to get about, half of them badly. We took the ablest ten. We put four and then six to carrying water. We borrowed from the station-master two big sheet-

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iron tanks holding about 150 gallons each. One we stood under the stand-pipe and engine-hose. The other we rolled out and set up in our improvised bath house, now rapidly taking shape. We got a big but battered and filthy porcelain tub from the typhus train and three smaller tin tubs.

"We put water into and fires under our own big garbage-cans. This was for boiling water to sterilize clothes. We sent to our car for eight stretchers to carry to the bath those unable to walk, or so weak that the walk might hurt them. We organized first three and then five stretcher gangs.

"One of us took charge in getting the patients out of the cars to the baths and back to the cars; one took charge of checking out from our cars supplies of blankets and underwear, checking off the patients and seeing that they were properly clothed; one took charge of keeping the *sanitars* on the move with their burdens of sick men. As a matter of fact, we all during the next few hours did anything and everything from scrubbing the men in the baths to scrubbing out the cars, and from carrying bales of hay to giving cool drinking water to the thirsty men.

"Sent to the car for 100 suits of underwear, 100 bath-towels. Rigged up a clothes-line. Organized some of the typhus train minor officials to check into bundles the old and lousy clothes worn by the patients, and ordered them to throw it all into an empty box-car of the train.

"Two nurses from the train, one a mere slip of a girl, and the wife of the chief doctor, also a young girl, were the first bathing squad. We impressed into service not only nearly all the *sanitars,* but even some of the stronger patients. One or two men from the station lent valuable aid, and the big *natchalnik stancia,* or station master, was running his hot-water boilers under forced pressure and helping in many ways.

VI.

"By a quarter to 11 we were ready to receive the first patients. Called first for the stretcher cases. The sun was now bright and warm and I wished to bathe them at once and get them comfortably settled. The stretcher line began to form. The water carriers were already bringing their pails-ful, the tubs and underclothes and towels were in place, so in ten minutes we organized the cleaning of the cars—

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which proved to be one real job. The idea was to take out the men, take out their filthy bedding, straw and various belongings, all infected and nasty, clean the cars with hot water, dry them, re-erect clean bunks, throw in fresh hay, throw in a blanket for each man, and then bring back the men clean and cleanly-clothed, from their bath.

"This plan we followed all day, with some variations. There was a short wait while we got fresh hay to put in the cars. We bought it at roubles 7.50 per bale from the 34th Russian Regiment, stationed in the town of Razdolnoe two miles away, and had it rushed to the station in peasant carts.

"There were a few other things to do before we were all ready to 'shoot the six.' There was some trouble making the whole scheme understood to the Russians, especially the *sanitars,* weak and stupid from sickness, but at 11.15 o'clock they brought the first patient to the bath and then began a stream of men, to and fro, dirty and clean, that did not end until sunset.

"Not until this stream began to come from the cars, not until we started down the line of cars to see that the men were brought out promptly, did we realize the full horror of this train of torture. We had literally not had time before to look closely at the train. And typhus is by now an old story. But not all last winter, not even in that damnable prison-camp at Omsk did I see such a combination of disease, filth and sheer starvation as this train gave.

"There stood the string of box-cars, two hundred or two hundred and fifty yards long. Every car except those occupied by the train personnel reeked with nameless and menacing filth, swarmed with lice, stank of mortal illness, human decay and horrible death.

"We had every car flung open, the doors slid back on their runways. Many had been partially closed, their interiors dim and shadowy. Now the full light of a bright day streamed in. Only one car we did not open. In that there lay five dead men—the fruit of yesterday.

"From the other cars trickled the living, dying stream of humanity. Some were carried, others crept out. And they headed toward the break in the string of cars, where white sheets enclosed a space four yards square and in that space there was warm, clean water, and kindly hands to bathe them.

"Yes, one sees in Siberia some horrible sights, but none

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more horrible than those sights when the men were stripped of their rags for the bath. Human skeletons they were, men six feet and more weighing not over sixty pounds, arms and legs thin as reeds, and as fragile and bloodless; with faces drawn until they looked like grinning skulls, and eyes rolling dully in cavernous sockets. Mouths opened as vacuously as the mouths of idiots, and indeed, some of them were imbeciles from suffering and lack of nourishment. And others were delirious from fever.

"The filth of them was indescribable, unbelievable. They were caked with it, clothed with it. Some plastered as with mud, others mottled in strange and grotesque patterns—the patterns of boards on which they had lain. And over many of them swarmed lice so thick that the mass was as a coating of solid gray, each patch of this slow-moving coating large as the hand of a man. I know this is incredible, but the incredible is true. It is not pleasant to tell about, but it is true, and the truth of such things should be known.

"The train was giving up its passengers now, and no grave, no sepulchre, no catacomb giving up its dead could have vomited forth a more repulsive brood. They were the ghosts of all suffering and perished men struggling invincibly toward a fountain of life. Invincibly, yes, but oh, so slowly, so feebly, so wanderingly! One would have thought they came not from conscious wish but from some strange propulsion outside the realm of feeling, drifting toward the cleansing water from up and down the line of opened cars.

"Before we had the first man bathed—it was a twenty-five-minute job, for he was near to death and had to be carried almost the length of the train—these animated corpses in their scarecrow rags were clustering all about the bath house. Many, too weak to talk, lay or sat on the ground. Ringed about the bath station were these wan, pallid, skull-faced creatures, and as they sat or lay or stood, there was an incessant scratching horrible to see. Thin, bony hands steadily scratching the heads covered with long, unkempt, locks; thin, bony hands searching out the seams of their maculate clothing; thin, bony hands moving up arm or leg. The automatic lifelessness of this incessant clawing and the feeble, groping way in which these creatures of woe touched their itching limbs and bodies were terrible to behold.

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VII.

"Well, we washed every man of them. Even the crew of *sanitars,* after an hour or two, seemed to grasp all at once why we were driving them so hard, and from then on, in spite of their physical weakness and growing fatigue, they worked faster and harder.

"There were, of course, upsets; things went wrong. First the bathing got ahead of the car-cleaning, and we had a long row of stretchers with washed and fresh-clothed men, waiting for cars into which they might go. We were at that time cleaning cars by hand. The station master then found what we had wanted for an hour—a spare engine. We ran this on an adjacent track, stretched a hose, and the engine started a flood of scalding water into the mess of débris and filth and vermin on floors, bunks and walls. I saw the flood start and felt tremendous relief. And—a half minute later the hose burst—it was old and rotten. It could not stand the pressure.

"So I took *sanitars* off other things and put them to work on this of getting the cars ready for the newly-bathed men. The hose was patched; it broke again, was patched and broke, and from then on for an hour, this wearisome discouragement kept up. But somehow the car-cleaning progressed.

"Presently we had washed all the heavy fever cases, and began to get men back into the cars. The work went faster and faster. The *natchalnik* kept the hot water going in magnificent shape.

"We ran, too, an impromptu barber shop. Somebody found an old pair of hair-clippers. A godsend. We appointed a man to do nothing but clip hair, and made him clip it into a box, to be burned. The heads he clipped were as horrible as the faces of dying men.

"I am sorry that our bathing and tonsorial station were seen by so few. It was, I think, a sight worth seeing. We were now running them through on an average of a bath every three minutes, and later we cut this to two minutes. Even with scrubbing brushes (made on the spot out of shavings) with soap strong enough to peel the bark off a tree, with hot water and with plenty of capable hands wielding all vigorously, a really dirty man cannot be bathed under two minutes—that is, as dirty as were these men. At least

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one minute was needed for the water to soak into thir caked covering of dirt and filth.

"But slowly and surely the job proceeded. The clippers broke, but they were patched up. We got another engine for an hour, and cleaned a lot of cars in that hour. We had trouble in keeping the clean and dirty men apart, so we established a 'clean zone' and 'rode range' around it. We talked and shouted and gesticulated and threatened and cajoled and persuaded; we walked and ran and carried and threw; and the plant was turning out results by mid-afternoon gratifying to see.

"Right here a word about the helpers. They worked better and better as the day wore on; of all of them, none better than the women—none so good. Cheerful, willing, skilful, tender, strong (or nerved up beyond their ordinary strength) they labored without rest for food or drink. Three women from the train itself were first at the bath station—two nurses and the wife of the doctor. The other two nurses were desperately ill in a sick car.

"They lifted the weaker patients with admirably capable strength, and placed them in the bath-tubs with tender care, soothing those who were delirious and persuading them to rest easily while the healing water was laved over their shrunken frames.

"The engine came down the line from Spasskoe to Nikolsk to take us on to Spasskoe, but we couldn't stop now. We held the engine by one means and another and set it to work cleaning cars, and we telegraphed to Vladivostok for lime and other disinfectants to be forwarded to Spasskoe, for I already began to foresee difficulties at that point.

"We held the engine and we washed every man. We also washed five extremely lousy, dirty *sanitars*—hadn't time for the others. We dealt out clean underclothes and blankets and soon most of the men were back in clean cars, on clean hay, in clean clothes, under clean blankets. We had a constant task to keep them there—many began at once to feel quite frisky and wanted to walk around. But that was but one of a million or so little jobs that we were trying to keep going as part of the big job.

"From this on the thing was easy—except for the manual labor, and the miles of walking up and down the yard. The machine worked rapidly and well.

"It was sunset when the last man was bathed. In the

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next hour we cleaned the yard—ran the train to another track, got all the men with spades, pieces of board, anything available; covered refuse, burned dirty straw, rags, much old clothing, put all the property back on various cars, put the stretchers in a special box-car—and then I made a last round, dealing out blankets to any who had been missed.

". . . It did my heart good to see my soldiers clean and comfortable in their new beds, the cars clean and neat, the atmosphere for the first time around the train clean and bearable!

VIII.

"We had cleaned up the train, the patients, the yard. It was dusk. And our work was done. No, not quite all. The engine hooked to the train and cut out one car. It was a closed box-car. A squad of men piled on the engine and it puffed away, vanishing into the deep violet hues of a valley that lay to the northwest. Presently we heard, miles across the gentle hills, the long wail of its whistle.

"In the closed car were eight men, and they had just been buried on the hills. Five had died yesterday, three to-day. The burying-gang dug the grave this afternoon—I use the singular advisedly,—and in this one great grave went four coffins and four bodies. There had been time only for four coffins.

"The engine came back, hooked to the train, and we made ready to proceed. The last act of our day of cleansing had ended.

"We were ready for supper in the big cook car of our pair. An honored guest was the stalwart *natchalnik stancia.* We all feasted on our modest fare, considerably more modest since we had split up with the typhus train—and talked the day over and decided that at any rate we were making progress.

"At 8 o'clock we are pulling out for Nikolsk and Spasskoe. We are ready for Spasskoe now. The train is not absolutely cleaned. It is not absolutely free of flies and lice, but it is cleaner than most trains on the Trans-Siberian route, including a lot of the so-called first-class passenger trains—and so are its passengers—and we can go into Spasskoe yard, not as a plague train, but as a sanitary train bringing in soldiers from the front, not neglected and loathsome creatures in all stages of dissolution, but soldiers from the front who have been cared for."

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IX.

The typhus train was in at Spasskoe the next morning. The Red Cross men found the Spasskoe military hospital packed on a train ready to go west. Orders had come reversing the instructions to go west, but still the beds, bedding, medicines and other supplies stood on the train in the yards a half mile from the hospital.

The full hospital equipment and supplies for 150 men were replaced in the hospital building that afternoon, Sunday. At 7 the following morning the soldiers were taken from the typhus train and sent to the hospital. Some were carried in stretchers, some in peasant carts, some were able to walk supported by *sanitars,* others—and there was a surprising number of these—were able to walk by themselves. Good food and clean surroundings for two days had worked a healing miracle. Men carried to the baths in stretchers now were able to stand upright.

At 11 o'clock that Monday morning all the patients were at the hospital. Those most ill were already in their comfortable beds. Nearly 100, now visibly on the mend, were sitting on the grass under the bright sunshine, and waiting while those more unfortunate were first attended to.

And then the Red Cross men waved good-bye to their soldier charges of three days, and ran for the down-passenger train just pulling into the station, to which the Red Cross cars had been attached.

They reached the station in time, and, as the closing act of a few busy days, they ordered the typhus train to be sent to a distant siding and again disinfected.

None of the soldiers had died since the bathing. Forty-eight hours passed without a death as against an average of five a day for some time previous.

And with this in mind the Red Cross men swung aboard their cars as the train pulled out, and called it a day's work.

RILEY ALLEN.

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ADAM DAULAC

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON

'Twas in the early days of Ville-Marie,
And in the April dawn of life no less
Than of the year, when Daulac signed his name
Among the stars above the wilderness
Where, star-like, shone the mission colony,
And from his scutcheon wiped a youthful shame.

"The budding season bodes a harvest fair,
As ice and snow give way before the sun,
And, singing songs of France, we turn the sod.
Conquered are forest, field and flood. Begun
With prayer each day, and each day closed with prayer;
And where we plow we plant the cross of God!

"Our Indian neighbors, too, whose souls to sway
To Heaven white nuns cast their saintly lot,
And black-robed brethren, faithful shepherds tend,
Preaching the ways of peace to Ouandot,
Algoumequin the rover, Montagnais:
Of these which is not now in Christ our friend?

"Disdains one hostile tribe alone our hand,
Or, smoking pipe of peace-pretence, they wait
Our unsuspecting hour to strike their blow!"
(Hear Maisonneuve in hurried council state:
Brave governor to that intrepid band
Of nation-founders, in the long ago!)

"The Hyroquois!" Who did not know the curse
That lay in that dread name upon the tongue!
"The Hyroquois," they cried, with indrawn breath.
"O, better wife and child to wild wolves flung
Than chance a captive's fate; death, torture . . . worse,
Where one might pray, and pray in vain, for death!"

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Adam Daulac des Ormeaux, of the fort
Commander, hears the word, and sees a way,
The Governor approving, that may rid
The Mission of this pest: "Without delay
To strike ere struck, seeking where, by report,
The savages lie in the forest hid!"

Aye; Maisonneuve approves. . . . Who would not! plan
So daring. Yet would hardly urge what spells
Death-warrant! Yet, should any volunteer . . .?
Hark to the voice of youth! The record tells
Their sixteen names undaunted. "Who's the man
To lead them, though?" Cries Adam Daulac, "Here!"

Their wills are made. They take the sacrament.
Who love them cling to them as to the dead,
While tapers for them at each home-shrine burn.
Fittest to live, their last good-byes are said,
As knight-crusaders gallantly they went
Upon the quest that suffers no return.

Passed now Ste. Anne's where flows the current swift.
Twin-Mountain Lake the light canoes have crossed.
Stemming the rampant Ottawa's mad race
At Carillon like dead leaves are they tossed.
Here, where the Long-Sault, hurtling, joins the drift
Of seething waters, marks their landing-place.

For camp a disused trading-fort is theirs;
And here, in greening wood, a pool beside,
Where sapling birch and saffron willow dip,
And wild-duck drop to drink by night, they bide,
With gay Qui-Vives that mingle with their prayers,
And the light laugh of youth upon the lip.

Forms snake-like gather in the covert. Soon
Dark hordes about the tiny fortress close,
While direful yells the peaceful heavens rend.
A deeper stain the reddening maple knows,
As stone-head arrow answers musketoon,
And faithful Hurons back the war-cry send.

"From Tadoussac that guards the River's gate,
Along its shores where settlers' cabins rise,
To Frontenac, our furthermost advance:
Old homes with hope rebuilt beneath new skies. . . .
For these we fight," they cry, "and for the fate
Of Cross and Empired Lily of New France!"

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Outmatched? Outnumbered? Aye; an hundred fold.
Foredoomed to perish? Ere they started. True.
But not in vain! for soon the savage horde,
Dread Hyroquois, back to their plains withdrew.
And so the Mission lived and grew, grew old,
In the blood-purchased peace of fire and sword!

The eastern roses planted by Champlain
In brave days blossomed by the western sea.
But, east or west, was never braver one
Than in the early days of Ville-Marie,
When Adam Daulac cleansed his scutcheon's stain,
And signed among the stars a deed well done!

MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

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APRIL BURIAL

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

It is a gracious privilege when we may fold away the body of a loved one beneath the sod of spring; for the April bourgeoning eases our grief. The golden sun at the edges of the carriage curtain affirms a golden world beyond the black bar that for a few brief hours shuts us from life's sweet daylight. Above the stealthy, sable-clad movements that lower the casket, rings the love-call of a robin, and gay little winds, blown from some far shrine of tender mirth, scatter the grim words, " dust to dust," among the green branches. In April it is impossible to doubt the holiness of all seed-time. Privileged to stand by an open grave on some green and golden morning of the blossoming year, one is received into the communion of the trees, and in that moment knows beyond any peradventure that the loneliness to come is fraught with some mysterious fruitage. April is the month when it is easiest to believe the resurrection, and yet all of us whose lives have been dedicated to understanding the experience that we name loss, know that this April reassurance holds true for every day of the year. All grief that is deep enough has a generative power that constantly creates in us faculties mysteriously buoyant, and releases within us unguessed capacities of human comradeship.

We do not often enough examine those regions of our soul where it is always April, where for every man and woman who is alive, something new is always blossoming into being. We always hesitate to visit graves, fearing to find those seed-places still raw from the planting, and thus fail to discover them already green with unexpected promise. We do not observe how often spring is fulfilled within our life. We are heavy-witted with habit, and when once we have termed an experience hopeful or painful, lucky or sad, we do not perceive that since we labelled it, it has

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changed its nature, and is actually producing fruits totally different from the name we give it. We bow above some spot where a hope lies buried, and do not note that already it has sprung up into beauty, and is filling our life with fragrance. In no experience are we stupider in our appraisement than in that commonest and saddest of all, for always we say of the death of loved ones,—mother, child, husband, —that we have lost them.

Not in those first broken and blinded months, but afterward, as the slow years round out to fulfillment, is it possible to retrace and review the long path of our loneliness. Wherein are we different men and women from what we might have been had they never been lent to us, our beautiful dead? Might it not be an April offering to stop for a little while and remember?

Was it a child who died? Which of the living daughters seems today so close to her mother as the little girl who is gone? Grown up and busy with their varied lives, it is not they, but the other, who comes to slip an arm through her mother's in the gloaming. A father, growing old, may read in his living son's eyes all the truth of his senility, but he knows that for the little lad who died at five he will always be a very prince of daddies. In the physical world love is always threatened with severance. We fear the many ways in which our children may draw apart from us, even while they are still close enough for our hands to touch. Sometimes we tremble with the apprehension, false or true, that our loved ones do not quite believe in us, but how clear of purpose and unafraid mothers and fathers walk who are conscious always of the unsullied baby confidence of the toddlers taken from them before they had grown old enough for any secret distrust. They always understand us, our children who are dead, and they have a strange earthly continuance, due to the fact that all our life is consecrated to their imagined approval, so that we ourselves give their personality a persistence that fate denied.

In analogous manner, a parent passed from us has sometimes a domination for good that cannot be overestimated. A dead mother sometimes absorbs into herself all the loveliness that we associate with that beautiful word, and out of a child's solitude and his hunger for an unknown presence is built a shrine of motherhood that is a secret refuge from all the cruelty of life. We all know men and women who

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speak with splendid pride and confidence of the mother they never saw.

The children who have lost fathers in this war enter upon a holy heritage. Some actual children whom we know through the battle memoirs of their fathers are typical of many others. Surely Thomas Kettle's "daughter Betty" will have a womanhood sacred to understanding the immortal sonnet from the field assuring her that

> We fools, now with the foolish dead,
> Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
> But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
> And for the sacred Scripture of the poor.

Surely there will be for the little Vally, son of the brilliant young dramatist, Harold Chapin, no more precious reading than the letters his father wrote to him from the Front. May it not be that the home from which a father has gone to a soldier's death becomes a holy place, a school of heroism for any child? Unconsciously the household conduct will refer constantly to the desires, the standards, of the absent dead. Beautiful memories must haunt and hallow every room. All budding dreams, all growing ideals, will focus in a child's thoughts of the father. No boy ever yet forgot a father that died for freedom,—a living father he might sometimes forget or disregard,—a father lifted to the perspective of heroic sacrifice is a father to dominate every thought, every moment. The coming generation will follow without faltering where the fathers shall forever lead.

No mother's thoughts ever wander far from her dead child; no son is ever so preoccupied that he is not constantly referring his purposes to a dead father's sanction. Always a confident understanding exists between parents and children living and dead. But this clear comprehension is equally characteristic of all other forms of bereavement, for always we feel that we understand the dead better than the living, and always we are sure that our dead understand us. Two causes explain this revelation of spirit to spirit, this mysterious April flowering of the grave.

Grief alone gives us leisure to appreciate. Our dead are the only people we ever take time for. In our daily existence we are so hurried and harried by a hundred details, so duty-driven, that mere loving seems a form of self-indulgence. At heart we loved our lost ones too well for any great cruelty, any deep neglect, but the little things we did

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not do haunt us piteously. Why did we think we were too busy for the tiny ways of tenderness?

A kiss would seem so simple,
So slight a thing a smile.

We never quite forgive ourselves that we did not speak

Such words as we deny them
Only because they live.

Not until they have passed beyond the hurly-burly of earth, do we have time to ponder their little peculiarities, their quaint whimsies and quirked phrases, which, so small, were yet significant of a spacious kindliness of soul. Our petty blindnesses, our petty unkindnesses, would break our hearts if we did not feel such vain regret disloyal to those who loved us as we loved them. They were once human, too; perhaps they, too, remember something they are sorry for. One of the keenest sensations of grief is that of their bright and blithe forgiveness. They seem to twinkle at us, and to smile and say, "What difference does all that nonsense make, now that we both understand?"

If all earth is sacred to planting, if every April is the symbol of a sacrament, perhaps loneliness itself is a seed ordained to an unguessed fruitage, not alone after our death, but here. Human comradeship would be an abortive growth if it were subject to the brevity of physical contact,—for its perfecting it sometimes needs to be supplemented by the leisured evaluation of grief. If we think with full honesty of those who have gone from us, do we not see how much better we know them now than before they went away? The years of separation have been a gift to us, revealing not merely the immensity of our bereavement, but revealing also, as time alone could do, the beatitude of our present possession.

Not only time, but also separation, affords us opportunity for surer sympathy. We can see souls more clearly when they are freed from the obscurations of the flesh, their flesh and ours. Only by means of removal are we able to look upon character cleansed of the immediate and lifted into the aspect of the eternal. We know that even earthly absence is sometimes salutary, the best restorative of exhausted intimacy. Despite affection, little tricks of gesture weary our eyes, obstinate little habits tease our nerves, until the soul they hide is wholly concealed by the blundering body. All these small impacts are forgotten at a distance, and spirit shines clear in our absent converse, and dominates

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inalienably the harmony of return. Not alone the contact that is wearing threadbare is restored by periods of remoteness; the most concordant association needs sometimes the tonic of absence, by which two people, each setting forth alone, can make discoveries and win trophies to bring back for sharing.

The separations of life and the separations of death are alike curiously educative, not alone in new knowledge of those who leave us, but in new knowledge of ourselves. We did not realize how large a share those others had in shaping us. When they were here they seemed earth-bound and fallible like ourselves, but now we perceive with what high motive their every act was illumined, and we accord them the imitation that is one function of grief; when we make honest scrutiny of ourselves we find that there is no living person who exerts upon us such coercive influence as do our dead. It may be that we would not have heeded their advice so completely if it had been spoken, anxiously dinned into our ears perhaps; now, unvoiced, it has grown significant with deathless wisdom. Are we not often blind to this April blossom of bereavement, the mystical high communion to which our lives are set?

The full import of human intercourse is not yet declared to us, but the care with which comradeship is perfected, sometimes by association, sometimes by separation, should sting us to high surmise, as seeds in earth might tingle to the promise of spring.

Even in heaviest sorrow we use of our dead no harsher word than lost, in itself a term instinct with hope. We say that we have lost them, but not that they have lost anything, for no matter what creed we hold, we never picture them as sad. What is lost is not destroyed, does not part with its identity, and may at any time be restored to us. That despair is black indeed which has no expectation of reunion. We may utterly deny this hope even to ourselves, yet in the depth of each sorrowing soul there will be found a germinal *perhaps*. But strangely, stupidly, we postpone to some unknown future day this reunion with our loved ones. When we die we may rejoin them, we tell ourselves, as if the resurrection were a flower of sudden consummation, instead of being, like every other human hope, already begun in our earth-existence, and merely completed in the life beyond death. Already at this very hour and moment we possess

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all the finest privileges of companionship. None of those qualities most valuable to human affection have we ever really lost. We do indeed miss many precious things sacred to earth and to the body; the twinkle in the eye, but what was that except as it expressed the quaint, merry spirit? the touch of the hand, but what was that except as it signified love? the swift thudding of little feet on the gravel, but did our ears really prize that sound except as it said the child was so glad to come home to us after school? Surely whatsoever things are loveliest in earthly intercourse we still possess inalienably: a mutual understanding, forever secure against estrangement, an hourly intimacy not subject to earthly distance, and best of all, the sharing of that aspiration which we lay bare to the soul of the dead, but hide from any nearer comrade, since, in our pitiful self-consciousness, we are afraid to tell any living being how hungry we are for God, how intensely we long just to be good. Of these priceless privileges of human comradeship no grave has ever robbed us, nor can ever rob.

It is life that can sever. Life has many ways of separating us, but death has only one, and that one is merely apparent and superficial. The disintegration of the grave is a slight thing compared with the corroding estrangements of life. There are living people whom we once loved who now are so far removed from us that it seems as if all eternity could not restore them. Sometimes the fault was in our gross misunderstanding of them, sometimes in theirs of us. We have seen friends once noble slowly subdued to decay through some selfish course, until while they still hold out their hands to our love we turn from them in despair. Much of earthly association, externally smooth, is inwardly hesitant and dogged with doubt. By contrast how holy and how honest is our communion with our dead! Both the friends here and the friends beyond our sight are graciously sent us for our strengthening and our joy, but so fallible are we all that only those passed from us are forever safe from all misunderstanding and all cruelty on their part or on ours. Because of this security they have become the warp and woof of our being. They are nearer than we know.

How close they seem to us sometimes, our dead! Sometimes we wake drowsily, feeling all the darkness palpitant with their presence. Perhaps they yearn to reach us through all the barricades of sense. It is disloyal to doubt that they

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still love us as we love them. They, too, have learned to understand us better, as we them, since we were parted. Always, when we think of them we have a sense of happy intimacy. Invisible though they are, we are aware of serene eyes, of strong presences freed from the old handicap of pain. Sometimes they even seem to be laughing at us, beautiful laughter like the mirth of little April winds above a grave,—divine merriment of reassurance, as if they were trying to tell us that our feet were sundered from them merely that we might learn to knit step to theirs more blithely both here and hereafter. At times we shiver a little, remembering how dull we were to their beauty when they were with us of old, or conjecturing how earth-life with its myriad means of severance might have menaced this our present glad security. In these long years we have seen the flowering of the grave, we have tasted the fruitage of our loneliness. When we enter that existence that consummates earth, clear faces of love will smile in greeting, and some sweet amused voice will welcome, asking us, "Did you really think that you had lost me when in no other way could I have walked so close to you all this while?"

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

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THE PLACE OF HENLEY

BY MARIETTA NEFF

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY, whose prose studies of literary men were interpretative and shot with jewelled lights, like Hazlitt's, would have hated the academic colorlessness of criticism too much taken up with the computing of influences. Yet it is in terms of other men and other work that those who have written about Henley and his verse have persistently expressed their views.

Those who knew Henley and those who are acquainted with his work have been wont to find in him physical and temperamental, as well as poetical, affinities with many other persons strangely different from one another. In body, he was a "Baresark, a modern Viking," a second Samuel Johnson, notable alike for native vigor and for suffering—an image, as in the Rodin bust, of the divine Pan. In relation to his coterie of colleagues and disciples, he was to one an English counterpart of the demi-god Hugo; to another, "a cheerful Socrates of a somewhat noisy Academe," "a genial Cato who gave his little senate laws"; and to a third, captain—not of his own soul, but of a newspaper staff. In his spiritual quality, he suggests to one writer now Heine and again Rabelais; to a second, he is merely a frank pagan; to a third, a kind of inverted Puritan. In the search for literary analogies or influences, there has been an inclination to extract from Henley's critical prose the names of those whom he delighted to honor with the essayist's seal of interest or approval. Henley's biographer, Mr. Cornford goes to the other extreme, and insists that Henley was not an imitator but a rebel. Yet the disciple, however eager to defend the master's originality, admits that it was not dissociated from a high degree of literary sophistication —a fact sufficiently obvious. Its significance lies in Henley's having been credited with a new poetry. One

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would like to know, then, what effect other poets, English or foreign, had upon Henley's theory of art, upon the prosody and diction of his rhymes and rhythms, and upon the choice and treatment of his few impassioned themes—his cult of the river, the city, the sea, and his worship of love and death.

Though Henley's *Essays* and *Views and Reviews* seem responsible for the discovery of too many temperamental analogies and literary influences, the opinions avowed in these essays reveal with delightful immediacy Henley's reactions toward literature and art. The process of selection and revision by which some of the papers were recovered from "' the shot rubbish of journalism " has not robbed them of their unstudied charm.

Here are some illuminating judgments. Henley thought nothing more exquisite than the best of Herrick. He felt that at times the epic mockery of *Don Juan* was to the full as beneficial as the chaste philosophy of *The Excursion* and the *Ode to Duty*. Part of the time, at least, he detested Shelley, and he looked with an unfriendly eye upon Landor. He believed that, for the sake of color, Rossetti had created in the name of poetry an inorganic complex of phrases and suggestions. Heine he admired for the sensuous loveliness of his verse and its seemingly artless grace. The poet in Hugo he praised for craftsmanship of " the rare, immortal type "; but Hugo, the man, he called a " bounder," and accused of a sentimental *" rastaq "* that made it hard for decent people to endure him. Both Meredith and Browning he condemned for obscurity, and the latter for the worse fault of being what he was pleased to term an " Inexhaustible Bottle." Banville he liked for a nice regard for the human as well as the æsthetic values; and, somewhat from the same point of view, he linked together, a little oddly, the names of Dobson, Patmore, and Arnold, as those who, alone among modern English poets, stood upon the classic " ancient way which is the best." Yet, in another passage, he wrote of Arnold:

> There is little of that delight in material for material's sake which is held to be essential to the composition of a great artist; there is none of that rapture of sound and motion, and none of that efflorescence of expression which are deemed inseparable from the endowment of the true singer.

Henley liked Arnold most, however, when he thought him least modern, as in the unrhymed *Philomela* and

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Balder. Milton and Tennyson he preferred, too, in their later work, when they seemed to him no less impatient of rhyme than confident in rhythm. If all these and other opinions expressed in *Views and Reviews* reveal a somewhat personal and wayward method of judging poetry, they do not preclude the making of sound inferences. They show clearly that Henley was much concerned with the form of poetry, and that he hated cordially the vices of coldness, didacticism, and sentimentality.

Henley's theory of art is, in general, in accord with his view of poetry. He is sensitive to technical excellence in painting, and hostile to sentimentality in subject or treatment. In spite of certain mannerisms in his own poetry, he seems to have been rather unsympathetic toward the romantic confusion of the arts. He compared Monticelli's painting, with its "orchestral explosions of color," to the verse that one reads for the sound's sake only—for everything but meaning. He was sure that painting was something more than dabbling exquisitely with material, and, at the same time, equally sure that it was not at all disguised literature. He would have agreed with Whistler that painting was not concerned with emotions growing out of religion, patriotism, or human relationships, and that it saw and expressed all things in terms of line and color and paint. He subscribed to the doctrine of *The Ten O'Clock* and *The Red Rag,* and yet he asserted furiously that he never "babbled the Art-for-Art's-sake babble."

Perhaps this curious welter of opinions about literature and art merely expresses a temperament to which philosophy was "like chalk in the mouth," or perhaps it indicates what is but natural in one who, himself essentially a Romanticist, began his career somewhat under the influence of the *Parnasse contemporain.* Since the Symbolist reaction has thrown the Parnassians into disrepute, it is only just to admit that, although in the beginning they looked to LeConte de Lisle, Vanville, Gautier, and Baudelaire as their masters, they did not think of themselves as a school, and did not intend to limit the boundaries of the vast domain that Victor Hugo had won for poetry. They meant their *Parnasse contemporain, recueil de vers nouveaux,* to be for poetry what the annual salon was for painting. They insisted upon religious devotion to form, but they did not demand any unity of theory or tendency. Yet in their work,

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or that of men at one time or another associated with them—from Gautier and Baudelaire to Mallarmé and Verlaine—Henley discovered many characteristics with which he must have felt himself in accord. How much sympathy he found there for the work of foreign artists, how much enthusiasm for the spirit and methods of modern painting, how much distaste for long narrative and philosophic poems, how acute a perception of the goodliness and the monstrousness of cities! And how much preoccupation with the lyric treatment of elemental themes—love and death and the affinities between man and nature! For this catholicity of spirit, the Parnassians and all succeeding Romanticists found warrant in Victor Hugo. All schools, they held, derived from him, existed in him, returned unto him. He, the priest and prophet of society, he, who scorned the idle singer, condescended, at the same time, to be the perfect artist. His disciples were intoxicated with the conviction that he had won for them all subjects from the most grandiose to the meanest, from the most picturesquely objective to the most intimately perverse, and all words, all melodies—indeed, all the secrets of craftsmanship.

Henley, as he read French literature, felt himself, also, splendidly free. Except, however, when he wrote in artificial, old French lyric forms, his prosody—though it became so relaxed that his later poems read at times almost like measured-off prose—seems to be thoroughly English. Gautier, Baudelaire, and LeConte de Lisle were precisians in regard to the laws of verse. In 1873-5, while the poet of *Romances sans Paroles* and *Sagesse* was meditating in his prison cell upon the strange metrical theories of Arthur Rimbaud, Henley, in the Old Edinburgh Infirmary, was already composing rhymeless verse in meters not unknown to English poetry. At all times he was attracted by the descending rhythm and short lines, if the hemistichs be printed separately, of the native, unrhymed verse, and of modern English imitations of old Teutonic types. Now and again, through his poems, one hears echoes of *Hiawatha* and the *Saga of King Olaf* and *Merlin and the Gleam*. But the trochaic-dactylic rhythm appears not only to be suited to the imitation of primitive verse-forms, but also, often with the ornament of alliteration or assonance, to compensate in some measure for rhymelessness. The unrhymed poems of Matthew Arnold, particularly those in the elegiac

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mood, abundantly illustrate this fact. Henley's irregular rhythms, like many of Arnold's also, and like much recent free verse, are often iambics, broken into lines of varying length, and tending to run into cadenced prose. There is nothing metrically new about either these unrhymed rhythms or the rhymed, irregular lyric forms, for which there is abundant precedent all the way from Milton and Cowley to Arnold, Patmore, and even Tennyson. The fact that Henley never, like so many poets of the present time, entirely relinquishes metrical pattern, and that he neither employs the syntax of prose nor abandons the syntax and punctuation of the sentence in favor of cadences or phrasal or clausal groups of images, as units of expression, is further proof of his fealty to custom. It is clear, too, that, although he is not given to inverting the order of subject, predicate, and object, he is profoundly influenced by the Miltonic period, with its multiple suspensions and its cumulative rhythm. Henley's prosodic peculiarities are evidently, then, to be associated with the practice of accepted English poets, rather than with that of the French Symbolists and their disciples at home and abroad.

Henley's diction, rather than his prosody, seems to have been not unaffected by tendencies deriving, in the first place, from Victor Hugo. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, the literature of England, as well as of France, was characterized by a peculiar type of preciosity. Dictionary-hunting was sanctioned by the precept or the example of Gautier or Baudelaire or the Symbolists. Solecism and barbarism and old words employed in a way that gave them unfamiliar charm suggested the upsurging of fresh emotion, and the happy alliance between youthful vigor and beauty that is timeless.

Henley employs a diction that is, in part, the result of deliberate attention to theory, and, in part, the unconscious product of his reading. He is not afraid of a Miltonic allusion to Thrones and Powers and Dominations, for example. He does not disdain familiar line-patterns, like

Unravined, imperturbable, unsubdued

or

O Death! O Change! O Time!

He does not object to appropriating a phrase: "ungirt loins and lamps unlit"; "we'll go no more a-roving"; "over

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the hills and far away." Like most poets, he has favorite modes of grouping words. He is fond of placing a sonorous polysyllable between monosyllables, as in " to some immitigable end," " sweet, inscrutable eyes," " the old, indissoluble peace." On the whole, Henley uses mouth-filling epithets a little prodigally and uncertainly, like Whitman, not confidently, like Milton. For some reason psychically significant, no doubt, he returns caressingly to " sleep " and " death " and " peace " and "dream." He flings a challenge to squeamishness in the repetition of words like "lewd," " wanton," " lust," " unclean," " shameless," or " obscene." This idiosyncrasy is less an indication of personal robustness (though Henley did not share even Stevenson's dubiety about the orgiastic foundations of life) than of a dislike of cant and sentimentality. Then, too, theory as to the nature of the poetic vocabulary is partly accountable for this species of daring, as well as for the liberal use of many an expression as informal as " perks it," " batch of boats," " the black job of burking London town," " shed my duds," or for an indifference like that of the young Keats toward the established forms and functions of words. In still more interesting ways, Henley expressed his modernity. In spite of his distaste for certain aspects of the romantic confusion of the arts, he could strike out a hard, clear, painter's image, like "poplars black in the wake of the setting moon "; and he was sufficiently attracted by the æsthetics of Baudelaire to let perfume, sound, and color melt into one another in " visual orchestra," a " voice of living light," " visible music," or " odorous music." Again, when he chose the titles for his *London Voluntaries,* he had in mind the theory or the practice of Baudelaire or Gautier, or, more probably, the example of Whistler, who had long been composing, in line and color, his " symphonies " and " variations " and " nocturnes."

Henley's poems of the world's great City have more in common with the spirit of Whistler's Thames etchings or nocturnes, or Baudelaire's *Tableaux Parisiens,* than with the democratic hurly-burly of Whitman's dithyrambs in praise of Mannahatta. Henley does, to be sure, shout a little barbarically his delight in the " lewd, perennial, overmastering spell " cast by imperious Pan upon the responsive city, but he is touched, as Whitman is not, by the decadent poet's awareness of the correspondence between the spirit

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of the night and our own tainted souls. At night, the oozing river slime, the stagnant vapors of the sky, the evil glimpses of the moon, disclose their secret affinity with the hideousness of cities. But Henley is too healthy of mind to do more than hint, in passing, at what lies in shameful occultation. More typically, he is an artist, etching portraits of London types, or joyously painting the seasonal color moods, physical and spiritual, of the city at night, at twilight, and at dawn. These are wizard hours, when, in a double sense, the hues of day grow dusk and silver, chrysoprase, sapphirine, and rosy gold.

Even if Henley had not read all the sea poets, those to whom the ocean was a confidant, and those to whom it was a place of mariners and ships, he would surely have been no more a poet of London and the Thames than of the sea. For, from childhood, he knew the irresistible lure of it, as it came up the Severn to Gloucester, bringing "the scents of the World's End." Unlike Whitman, he did not discover in the sea the source of an emotion primarily sexual, or of a mystical, concomitant yearning for death. He wrote no sea poetry like *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,* or the conclusion of *Passage to India.* But in *Rhymes and Rhythms* iii, x, xiv, xvi, and xx, and in other poems, he approached the sea in many moods. Somewhat in the spirit of Heine's *Die Nacht am Strande,* he endowed it with a huge, grotesque personality, naming it Old Indefatigable and Ancient of Days. He beheld it as a horrible accomplice of the leering Moon. He shrank from its unfriendliness; he longed for its brotherly unrest; he saw it glow with the "strange-hued blazonings of dawn"; in roaring hours of wind and wave, in the lapping of weak surges, and in immemorial obedience to law, he found symbols of vitality and decay and fate.

Aside from the fact that they celebrate chiefly the passion of the flesh, Henley's love lyrics are much more conventional than his poems of the sea. They possess a frankly sensual gust, but no strange savour of erotic mysticism. Whatever uniqueness they have lies in their blending of styles or attitudes. There is, in many of them (as in Heine's songs) a slightly wearisome devotion to April, May, and June, the nightingale and the rose. There is somewhat of Whitman's abandon to bodily ardors, kindled

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at primordial fires. There is a touch of Coventry Patmore's less intoxicated lyricism, the music of fireside intimacies, still dear, but not untamed. There are the themes bequeathed by Roman elegiasts to post-Elizabethan singers. But there is more dread of the time when desire shall fail than of the day when man goeth to his long home; for it was with senses still keen and the battle spirit shouting in his blood that Henley wanted to be flung into death. In the later poems there is an almost heart-breaking insistence upon the fact that it is time to creep in close about the fire, and tell gray tales, and dream old dreams. In the end, the lovers are but

two ghosts Omnipotence
Can touch no more . . . no more!

But Henley's poetry does much more than continue the lyric tradition of the cult of love and death. His songs of love may be melodies rather primitive, or a bit commonplace, blown on pipes pandean, but his songs of death all but exhaust "the exquisite chromatics of decay." In them there is terror touched with mirth—an expression of the mind that could understand Thomas Hood's genius for the macabre, and quote approvingly Champfleury's saying, "*Tout ce qui touche à la mort est d'une gaieté folle.*" There are curious suggestions—reminiscences, one is tempted to say—of the grotesquerie of Gautier's *La Comédie de la mort.* There is the exalted calm of Whitman's *Whispers of Heavenly Death.* Indeed, Henley's poetry is almost never unhaunted by some image of the end of every man's desire: the Ancient Enemy, the Terror, the gray Henchman of Destiny, the Ragpicker, the Pandar, the old Nurse, the Comforter, the great Deliverer—Death, the twin minister with Life of the unoriginal Will—death, like life in Rabelais' view, preposterous and sublime.

It is to Henley's advantage that he concerns himself so much, even in the midst of a familiar urban setting, with these ancient, basic themes, and that he expresses modern psychic states in terms of the processional moods of unchanging nature. It can not be charged against him, as against some poets of the new age of romantic realism, that he is too much occupied with what is trivial or ephemeral or perverse, especially in the life of cities. One feels that, on the whole, in spite of his colloquialisms and his unrhymed rhythms, Henley is least startling in diction and

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prosody and, in his really individual work, most modern in his choice of subject—that he recognizes poetry in the imaginative aspects of the most varied forms of experience. He is what the seventeenth century would have called a Janus-faced poet: he is at peace with the past, but he is enamoured of sincerity, ready to do battle for a man's right to his personal sense of life and art. For him, one door of the temple is shut, and the other open. Occasional echoes of him in poetry of the moment are not significant; but the independence and the sanity that were his, still function in the catholic spirit of the most richly endowed and the most sincerely self-disciplined poets of to-day.

MARIETTA NEFF.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH
The Strange Case of Mrs. Gerould[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Mrs. Gerould as an essayist has had the imperial distinction of being crowned by Professor Brander Matthews as a womanly woman, in the same week that she was hailed by an editorial in the excellent and indispensable *Tribune* as obstinately maidenly. To the mind of Professor Matthews, the distinguished author of *Modes and Morals* is "both feminine and womanly" (an encomiastic subtlety which will hardly escape Mrs. Gerould, since, says Professor Matthews, she is "not in the least advanced"). For the *Tribune,* she is still unsnatched from spinsterhood: this eminent matron of letters remains "Miss" Gerould. It is a delicate tribute, especially when conjoined with Professor Matthews' further praise of the author as one who "speaks in the low and soft voice," —which, he says in his esoterically allusive way, "is an excellent thing in woman." One hopes that Mrs. Gerould, who may perhaps have read the essays of Alice Meynell, did not feel shy when she found herself welcomed by Professor Matthews as, by implication, one who casts a new radiance upon literature, which "has been embellished by very few women essayists, and by none of the first rank."

Mrs. Gerould is not only soft-voiced and womanly, but "she writes like a woman." We suspect that Mrs. Gerould will wear this particular flower very close to her heart, especially as Professor Matthews' gesture in proffering it is so charmingly vague. What, you wonder, does it mean—to "write like a woman"? Does it mean to write like Alice Meynell or like Elinor Glyn? Like May Sinclair or like

[1] *Modes and Morals,* by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons, 1920.

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Mrs. Humphry Ward? Like Rebecca West or like Louisa M. Alcott? Like Jane Addams or like Amy Lowell? "When we call the roll of the glorious company of writers of our language who have enriched our literature with a constant succession of delightful essays . . . " What is the sex of that prose? No—you are wrong: it is male. It is the prose of Professor Matthews. What is the sex of this?—"So long as democracy is simply a political matter, culture is left free to select its groups and proclaim its hierarchies." Oddly enough, that is the prose of Mrs. Gerould. But has she written here "like a woman"? Who would dare to say, except Professor Matthews?

We have been fascinated by Professor Matthews' critical distillation of Mrs. Gerould, because we like to imagine Mrs. Gerould's own satisfaction in savoring it. We like to think of her pleasure in viewing herself as an essayist preëminently soft-voiced and womanly. Perhaps she conceives herself as a somewhat different kind of literary mammal. But it is of the essence of Mrs. Gerould's strange case that in *Modes and Morals* she quite obviously is being faithful to a conception of herself which, so far as it concerns these essays, is purely legendary. Professor Matthews is no more amusing in his objective view of her than she is in her subjective fondling of her own legend.

The Mrs. Gerould of legend is a figure of marked intellectual distinction, a shrewd ironist, a spiritual aristocrat, an astringently comedic philosopher, undeflected by the facile and the *clichée*. The astonishing truth is that the figure which emerges from these pages is that of an unsuspecting victim of mass cerebration, a remarkably perfect specimen of the herd mind functioning without self-consciousness or restraint. Professor Matthews is edified by the "cosmopolitanism" of a culture which has achieved both Paris and Honolulu. If he were capable of it, he should have been depressed by the thronging evidences of an outlook triumphantly parochial. One salutes the Mrs. Gerould of the short stories as a fictional artist of subtle power and distinguished skill. One views her secondary personality, the social philosopher, the student of manners and morals, as an example of the perturbing truth that a mind which creates with brilliancy and force may be feeble and unrewarding in ratiocination.

Mrs. Gerould writes of "The Boundaries of Truth,"

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of "The Extirpation of Culture," of "The Newest Woman," of "Tabu and Temperament," of "British Novelists, Ltd.," of "The Remarkable Rightness of Rudyard Kipling"; and of other aspects of the social panorama. To all of these subjects she brings only the apparatus of the tribal mind. Her emotional repercussions, her preferences and animosities, her ethical criteria, are admirable exemplifications of herd psychology. She displays all its characteristics: its obscurantism, its uniformity, its ferocious contempt for the experimental, its suspicion of all that goes beyond the tribal sanctions, its measureless self-satisfaction; its hard intolerance and cruelty, its smugness, its incurable sentimentalism.

Of these unmistakable stigmata, Mrs. Gerould affords a bewildering multiplicity of examples. Take her scorn for the modern hero of fiction—"the Humanitarian Hero—someone who has particular respect for convicts and for fallen women, and whose favorite author is Tolstoi. He must qualify for the possession of her hand by long, voluntary residence in the slums . . . He must never order 'pistols and coffee'—his only permitted weapon is benevolent legislation"—a contemptible type indeed! And "the feminine young" of today: these extraordinary creatures actually indulge in "scientific talk about sex." "Before a young woman suspects that she wants to marry a young man, she has probably discussed with him, exhaustively, the penal code, white slavery, eugenics, and race suicide. The miracle is that she should want, in these circumstances, to marry him at all. She probably does not, unless his views have been wholly to her satisfaction." Does Mrs. Gerould long for that blessed past of affectionate memory when the young woman married him in romantic ignorance and, perhaps, bore him syphilitic children? *Must* the bourbon mind simulate unintelligence?

Consider, as an example of something that baffles characterization, these further reflections (from "Fashions in Men"):

"It is well that we take thought for the lower strata of humanity . . . *It is right to think of the poor.*"

"The [modern] hero . . . is always passionately on the side of the people whom laws were devised to protect the respectable from."

"The public at present loves as a sister the woman with

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a past." Modern nonsense, to be sure—yet it was a long time ago that Jesus said to the chief priests and the elders: "The publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of God before you." Into the Kingdom of God—yes, perhaps; but not into the kingdom of the suburban heart without a protest from Mrs. Gerould.

As Mrs. Gerould cannot face with equanimity the thought that respectable young women should discuss penology and eugenics with men, so she is annoyed with Science, because Science "insists on reducing all emotions . . . to a question of nerve-centers." Science, indeed, is one of the Criminal Classes—one of the gang of gunmen who are trying to assassinate Culture (a word which Mrs. Gerould seems to think is equivalent in meaning to the German word that is spelled with an initial K).

Mrs. Gerould is trite and trivial not only whenever her subject gives her an opportunity to be, but at moments when she might easily be something else. She cannot, for instance, say anything more discerning and valuable about Galsworthy's noble tragedy, *Justice,* than that "Mr. Galsworthy will never think anything out. He inveighs against solitary confinement, which is a good thing to do; but he does not offer any substitute solution, which would be an even better thing to do." You wonder what Mrs. Gerould might say of Hardy's *Tess* . . . "Mr. Hardy exhibits the unfortunate results of man's inhumanity to woman, and the cruel callousness of God. But he proposes no remedy for these things. Mr. Hardy will never think anything out."

Mrs. Gerould's phobias are enlightening. Here is a partial list of them:

The "democratic fallacy" and
Thomas Jefferson ("that inspired charlatan")
The Younger British Novelists.
Intellectual *révoltés*
Science
The lower classes
Humanitarians
The modern young woman
" " " man
Rousseau

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People who discuss sex
" " " penology
Labor
Social equality
People who work in the slums
Unconventional people

But the most surprising feature of this altogether surprising book is the naïve and banal quality of the writing. To find Mrs. Gerould naïve and banal is almost as startling as it would be to find Mr. H. G. Wells Mid-Victorian or the *Times* furtively bolshevistic. Yet what is one to think of a style that solemnly proffers such observations as this?—"The child, I have been given to understand, is the father of the man" [p. 153]; and: "It is easier to destroy than to build up" [p. 162]; and: "The bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" [p. 92]; and: "Ours is a commercial age" [p. 90]; and: "It is of the essence of human nature to long for the unattainable" [p. 145]. When she is not swimming placidly upon the bosom of this unruffled sea of platitudes, Mrs. Gerould is patrolling the Atlantic coast glaring at Young England and shaking her fist at some defenceless character in a novel by Arnold Bennett or Compton Mackenzie or J. D. Beresford;—like Zola in Mr. Dooley's version of the Dreyfus trial, she stands in the doorway shouting "Jackuse!" whenever it is intimated that sex is an anatomical reality, or that the poor are unhappy, or that the world of yesterday is dead.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

FROM MIDSHIPMAN TO REAR ADMIRAL. By Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske. New York: The Century Company.

In the life story of a retired naval officer one may properly look for many interesting observations on men and things under changing skies, for a modicum of information about matters in which most people are somewhat interested and in which they probably feel that they ought to be more interested than they are, for tales of battle and adventure, and for not a little wisdom of the sober and often somewhat narrow kind which those who have had command not only of men but of huge engines of destruction must needs acquire. Admiral Fiske, in his autobiography, has given us not less than this, but a great deal more. In reading his book, one finds oneself dwelling not so much upon the idea of the Navy as a profession as upon the thought of life as an opportunity. One has expected, perhaps, to be impressed with the satisfactions and achievements of a career varied, indeed, by adventures and shifts of scene, but rather too much routinized to be intellectually stimulating; what one finds is pre-eminently a record of *progressive* thinking and living.

Originality has its penalties, sincerity is not always popular, and Admiral Fiske had his full share of those disagreeable and discouraging experiences that fall to the lot of most inventors, and of not a few patriots. But when one surveys the whole life and considers the results, one feels like quoting in behalf of the Admiral the possibly too undignified but highly expressive lines of Kipling:

> And they asked me how I did it, and I gave 'em the Scriputre text,
> 'You keep your light so shining a little in front of the next.'

When Bradley Fiske was a midshipman, captains in the navy did virtually all their cruising under sail. Few of the naval vessels, indeed, had steam power, and this in spite of the fact that every naval battle of the Civil War had been fought under steam alone! The people had settled down to the comfortable conviction that there would be no more great wars, and that "the only use for the navy was to show the flag in foreign ports." An unprogressive, excessively matter-of-fact period, not favorable to the growth of new ideas! When Fiske invented a typewriter, all the men to whom he showed it said substan-

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tially: "Of course this doesn't work very well, but I dare say you could make it work all right. But I can't see the slightest use for such a machine, no matter how well you get it to work, because it would be an insult to a man to write him a letter with it." We are wiser now; but some mistakes of judgment have persisted longer than others.

The reception of a more important invention in 1918 was even less encouraging than that accorded to the typewriter in 1877. In May, 1918, Admiral Fiske received from the Secretary of the Navy, in answer to a communication advocating the use against the Germans of the torpedoplane—a device of which the Admiral is the inventor—a letter which concluded with the statement that "experiments along this line have already been tried and discarded by the Allied Powers in Europe, and the possibility of obtaining satisfactory results from the proposed scheme is so slight as not to warrant the expenditure of the time and talent required for its development." In spite of this official pronouncement, Admiral Fiske now feels warranted in speaking of "the triumph of the torpedoplane." He says, for example: "In the latter part of 1918 it became known that the British fleet had realized for a year the danger of torpedoplane attacks upon it, and that the navy had taken measures on a tremendous scale for making just such torpedoplane and bombing attacks on Kiel and Wilhelmshaven as I had urged in June, 1917, and afterwards. It became known also that, after trying various modifications, the British had finally adopted the apparatus and the method of using it that were specifically illustrated and described in my patent."

The rejection of the torpedoplane in 1918 need not, however, be taken as marking the general character of the period that had elapsed since practical men looked askance at the typewriter. It was notoriously a period of sensational progress as regards invention and industry. It is interesting to look back from the vantage point of to-day upon things of older fashion. But Admiral Fiske can scarcely be said to look back; he seems, indeed, always to be looking forward; and though there is plenty of descriptive charm in his book, the main quality of the story is certainly a kind of urgent practical interest in getting things done rather than a contemplative delight in the past. One of the first to apply himself to the study of electricity, and later to aeronautics, realizing before any one else the importance of these things to naval efficiency; one of the first, moreover, fully to understand the need of large conceptions and of thorough organization and comprehensive war plans for the navy—the Admiral is throughout his narrative always eagerly looking forward to the solution of the next problem. And if any reader of this book thinks that, the war being over, there are now no naval problems to worry over, that there is no longer any need of the moral and intellectual strenuousness that enabled a few men to secure improvements and to bring about a measure of preparedness when it was still not too late, he misses the significance of the author's forward-looking point of view and of a good many hard facts as well. Nothing is more illuminating sometimes than to take a look at a thing along the line of sight of a man who is really trying to accomplish important results: such a view gives a real perspective. In Admiral Fiske's book, the "history of the question" is more convincing than argument or theory.

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Is it not extraordinary in more ways than one that so many of the important improvements in naval warfare should be due to the individual efforts of one man? Admiral Fiske's inventions make a formidable array. They include the electric range-finder, the telescope sight, the stadimeter, engine telegraph, helm-indicator, speed and direction, indicator, steering telegraph, torpedoplane. Is it not a fact worth pondering, even by those outside naval circles, that in so many cases these inventions were opposed as unpractical? Does it not seem a sad absurdity that the man who claims, with apparent truth, to have invented more successful naval and military appliances than any other man in the world was not even put on the Naval Consulting Board, which had been established for the purpose of developing inventions, and which he himself had suggested?

When Admiral Fiske, in 1915, resigned his position as Aid for Operations under the Secretary of the Navy, he could feel that despite great difficulties he had accomplished, apart from his inventions, several distinct things for the good of his country. He had established the Division of Aeronautics, instituted strategic war problems for the fleet, proved that "the country trusts army and navy officers more than it trusts any one else," made Congress realize the needs of the navy, established the office of Chief of Naval Operations. Besides obtaining these results, he had put other undertakings in such a state that they were sure to become, within no long time, accomplished facts. Among these were the establishment of an agency for recognizing and developing new inventions, the recognition of the possibilities of the diving shell, and the putting into effect of the administrative section of the general war plan. The administrative plan was signed soon after the Admiral gave up his position as Aid for Operations. This plan and the office of Chief of Naval Operations are the means by which the Navy Department got ready for the war, and by means of which it operated during the war and has operated ever since.

It is no secret that the Admiral, during his tenure of office in the Navy Department, was at odds with his chief. While liking the Secretary personally, he found the latter anything but open to suggestions from the point of view of a progressive naval officer. Which of the two was right, the records, and subsequent events, seem to have indicated clearly enough. In reading Admiral Fiske's account of the matter, one gets, at least, a certain curious insight into the possible workings of our system of naval control. No items in the story are more convincing than certain extracts from the Admiral's diary. For instance, there is the following entry: "Sept. 1. Reported return to Sec. Had good talk with Sec. & tried to impress him with seriousness of fleet's unpreparedness. I doubt if I succeeded. I explained target practice, etc. Sec. has created office of 'Aid for Education,' & is much stuck on idea! Gosh!"

The homely expletive recurs more than once in these excerpts, with about the same degree of justification. To the reader, an occasional expression of hearty disgust is likely to seem, under all the circumstances, not wholly unnatural.

It should be said, however, that in no part of the Admiral's narrative is the spirit one of mere rebellion or of futile personal criticism. Al-

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ways the author's thought is constructive—that is, in the only right sense of the term—"optimistic." The zest of work and the love of service are the prevailing feelings throughout. It is for this reason that Admiral Fiske's autobiography will continue to be read as an exemplary and stimulating book long after new controversies have thrown far into the background the precise issues between Fiske and Daniels in 1915, or for that matter between Daniels and Sims in 1920. Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote that "there is a strong feeling in favor of cowardly and prudential proverbs. The sentiments of a man while he is full of ardor and hope are to be received, it is supposed, with some qualification. But when the same person has ignominiously failed and begins to eat up his words, he should be listened to like an oracle." Admiral Fiske did not fail; and he did not have to "eat up his words." The life-wisdom expressed in his story has no affinity with "crabbed age," but rather appeals to ardent youth and enterprising young manhood. His book is primarily a book not for old men who delight in the past, but rather especially for young men and for stout hearted, forward-looking men of all ages. It is zestful, downright, frank and humorous narrative, full of original achievement. It confesses apprehension or distress in ticklish or unpleasant stiuations, but finds compensation in the sense of accomplishment and the tingle of life which the worst situation can give. Above all, it shows how those two prime motives, duty and self-expression, may be made to pull vigorously in the same direction.

The book, however, has a greater significance than that of its general attitude toward life. Of Admiral Fiske Theodore Roosevelt once said: "The Admiral is, with the sole exception of General Wood, the man who has suffered most from daring to tell the truth about our condition. Over three years ago the Admiral made the first big move for improving the condition of the Navy by telling the truth about the Navy, and was punished mercilessly because he did tell the truth. Every American owes a real and great debt to the Admiral. He rendered a substantial, affirmative service to the people of the United States at great personal cost."

A Labrador Doctor: The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Dr. Grenfell's autobiography is at once a tale of adventure, appealing strongly to that "sporting instinct" which in its larger aspects is a very respectable emotion, and a record of moral strenuousness of a sort rarely equalled. Both these points claim the attention of the critic; but there is a third that claims it even more strongly. The story in a curious way bridges the gap between Victorian England and post-bellum America, and between the older and the newer ideas of religion and philanthropy.

Wilfred Thomason Grenfell was born in 1865, in Parkgate, near Chester. His father was a clergyman and for many years head of a private school at Parkgate. The elder Grenfell seems to have been something little short of a genius. "Father was waiting to get into the sixth form at Rugby when he was only thirteen years old. He was

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a brilliant scholar at Balliol, but had been compelled to give up study and leave the University owing to brain trouble. He never published anything, but would reel off brilliant short poems or essays for friends at a moment's notice. . . . He could read and quote Greek and Latin like English, spoke German and French fluently, while he was an excellent geologist and Fellow of the Geographical Society." Wilfred Grenfell's paternal grandfather had been a house master under Dr. Arnold of Rugby. His mother was born in India, her father being a colonel of many campaigns, and her brother an engineer officer in charge during the siege of Lucknow till relieved by Sir Henry Havelock. "At the first Delhi Durbar," remarks Dr. Grenfell, "no less than forty-eight of my cousins met, all being officers either of the Indian or civil service."

In reading the opening chapters of the book, it is hard to shake off the impression that the story is to be that of a statesman, soldier or scholar. It is not, indeed, altogether easy to understand just what sent young Dr. Grenfell as a missionary to Labrador. Apparently, so far as our knowledge runs, it may be something of a toss-up whether a youth of parts goes in for personal glory or for unselfish service. Upon the psychological problem Dr. Grenfell's book throws very little light. His account of the matter is very simple.

After a childhood and youth mainly happy, surely fortunate, and perfectly "normal" for an English lad of good family, the young man found, as many others have found, that he did not know exactly what he wanted to make of himself. At last, after talking with the family physician, and after being shown a human brain preserved in alcohol, he became fascinated with the mysteries of physiology, and decided to study medicine. He went to London and took up work in the London Hospital and University. Moral conditions in the new environment were by no means the best. Though Grenfell and others ultimately had the advantage of association with some very great physicians, such as Sir Frederick Treves, the teaching system was slack, and some of the teaching was so ineffective that evasion of the requirement, being phenomenally easy, was the natural and, of course, to a "regular fellow" the only proper procedure. The university exercised no supervision over the lives of the pupils, and moral tragedies were common. Grenfell had opportunity to see the seamy side of life in the London slums. Under these circumstances, a healthy-minded young man with a great fondness for sports, and with more than ordinary skill in football and boxing, would naturally turn to athletics as a prime interest. There is quite as much about sport in the Doctor's reminiscences of this period as there is about medicine. One detects few signs of the scientific passion awakened in the doctor's office at Parkgate. Philanthropy and sport would seem to have been the ruling motives —science was simply the handmaid of philanthropy. But how did philanthropy come in?

"It was in my second year, 1885," writes Dr. Grenfell, "that, returning from an out-patient case one night, I turned into a large tent erected in a purlieu of Shadwell, the district to which I happened to have been called. It proved to be an evangelistic meeting of the then famous Moody and Sankey. It was so new to me that when a tedious prayer-

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bore began with a long oration, I started to leave. Suddenly the leader, who I learned afterward was D. L. Moody, called out to the audience, 'Let us sing a hymn while our brother finishes his prayer.' His practicality interested me, and I stayed the service out. When eventually I left, it was with a determination either to make religion a real effort to do as I thought Christ would do in my place as a doctor, or frankly abandon it. That could have but one issue while I still lived with a mother like mine. For she had always been my ideal of unselfish love."

Thus Dwight L. Moody, in connection with some other causes not easy to define, set in motion a great moral force.

Dr. Grenfell immediately began to put his Christian resolutions into practice. He attempted Sunday School work with a lot of more or less incorrigible young scamps, and, not content with this, undertook missionary work in some of the underground lodging-houses along the Radcliffe Highway. Some of his methods with the young were of a modern and much approved kind. He taught the boys football and boxing and took them on long cruises at sea. He made them live cleanly, and had some charity for boyish escapades and for manifestations of the old Adam in his charges.

In 1886, after passing his examinations and becoming a member of the College of Physicians and of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, he was invited to act as physician for the Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen. On the advice of Sir Frederick Treves, who was himself very fond of sailing and was specially interested in the North Sea Fishermen, he accepted.

Dr. Grenfell passed about five years in this work, and then spent twenty-seven more years of his life in doing philanthropic work for the people of Labrador and northern Newfoundland. The story of his labors is full of pity and humor and adventure. A real love of outdoor life, a zest for hardships and dangers on the sea or on the snow is continually in evidence throughout the Doctor's narrative—and along with this a great love for humanity. To be a practical philanthropist in Labrador would seem to require something of the toughness of fibre, something of the same love of nature and the same appetite for hard work, that are necessary for the mountain-climber or the Arctic explorer. These qualifications seem not often to be joined with a high degree of culture and a burning zeal to do good. Dr. Grenfell never wanted to discover the North Pole, but that he thoroughly enjoys the Labrador life no one who reads his book can for an instant doubt.

His work has been big and constructive. It has included not merely medical attendance and the building of a hospital, but schools, co-operative stores, a fox farm, a sawmill, an experiment with reindeer, a hard fight against liquor-selling. "Love is dangerously near to sentimentality," writes the Doctor, "when we actually prefer remedial to prophylactic charity—and I personally feel that it is false economy even from the point of view of mission funds. The industrial mission, the educational mission, and the orphanage-work at least rank with and should go hand in hand with hospitals in any true interpretation of a gospel of love." Thus the interest of this religious-minded physician has come to be centered not so much upon the patching-up of decrepit bodies or the saving of souls through the preaching of a certain creed as upon charity in the larger sense.

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The thrilling thing about the whole narrative is that it shows growth, constant widening of outlook and increase of power—and this without any loss of human touch or sacrifice of natural personal tastes and traits. The love of sports and the faith in its sanitative power holds its place along with a broad conception of practical Christianity. Speaking of a certain incident that occurred during his war service in France, the Doctor says: "Never in my life had I realized quite so keenly what a saving trait the sporting incident is in the Anglo-Saxon—a strain of it in the Teuton might even have averted the war." For Dr. Grenfell the change from the crowded life of London with its ready-made channels for endeavor was a change into a bigger world. The Doctor is one of those envied persons who has taken his own way, and it has been a way to a larger life.

THE REMAKING OF A MIND. By Henry de Man, C. de G., M. C., first lieutenant in the Belgian Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

There can be no question in the mind of any intelligent reader that Mr. De Man did well to write the kind of book he has actually written, even though he "realized perfectly well that a book of this type is going to appeal to a much smaller section of the public than would a miscellany of trench stories, or diplomatic revelations in the style of a war correspondent." He has produced, indeed, one of the few war books that have permanent, individual interest. What strikes one first about the treatise and recommends it most strongly from first to last, is its superior tone of manliness and maturity. The book is the result of a painful and courageous thinking-out of problems, the personal importance of which was no less keenly felt because they were general and theoretic. Such thinking is surely no less virtuous than valor in the field, and may require a greater expense of spirit. The result in Mr. De Man's case has been the attainment of convictions not too dogmatically held, but giving poise and sanity.

Originally a Socialist, in the European sense, the author was roused from his dream of brotherhood by the rape of Belgium. "The stronger my reluctance, as an internationalist and a socialist, to follow the lead of those who believed in 'my country right or wrong,' . . . the clearer was my realization that the wrong done Belgium was but a symbol of the menace of German aggression to what is an essential condition to socialism as I conceive it. Not until I shouldered a rifle, did I know what it meant to be a citizen of the world."

Further thinking released him from the spell of dogmatism; he saw that historical facts cannot be rightly criticised by means of *a priori* reasoning: the principles of criticism must be derived from a study of the facts themselves. Thus, while accepting the premises of the internationalists' thesis—the imperialist origin of the war—he came to the conclusion that the deduction they drew from this—the necessity of opposing war in every country—is entirely wrong, because of a defect in the method on which the reasoning was based. The same error, he points out, lies at the root of Bolshevism. Ceasing to be doctrinaire, he became empyrical—that is to say, really modern.

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"There never has been a moment in history," he declares, "when one could say: now capitalism *is*. Nothing ever *is*, except an immense diversity of fluctuating facts." The internationalists had been trying to substitute categories for facts.

But in getting rid of one kind of dogmatism, Mr. De Man did not adopt, as he might easily have been tempted to do, another and a worse sort. The idea that national differences are due to ineradicable differences of *race*—a mere fallacy of hatred—he scornfully rejects.

The real differences are not due to race or to capitalism, but to varying stages of civilization. "England and Germany are about on an equal level of capitalist development. But the English mind has the culture that corresponds to it because it has had three centuries in which to form it; the German mind has not." What this difference of civilization meant for German socialism is strikingly illustrated by an anecdote about Liebknecht, which stands out among many critical notes that the author makes upon socialism from the point of view of one who has been inside the movement. "One afternoon, we, together with Karl Liebknecht, entered the exhibition building, where the Congress [the annual congress of the Social-Democratic Party at Mannheim] was then sitting. Two parallel corridors led from the vestibule to the hall. As we were about half way down one of these Liebknecht suddenly stopped and pointed to a board—'*Ausgang.*' We had taken the wrong corridor, but it made no difference to anybody, as the two corridors debouched into the same hall and there was nobody about except us three. Yet Liebknecht insisted on turning about, and we had to walk fifty yards back in order to enter by the '*Eingang*' corridor. The mere idea of entering by the '*Ausgang*' was so abhorrent to Liebknecht that he would rather waste a hundred paces on going back. He was a revolutionary and an anti-militarist; but he had once been a German soldier!"

An apostle, now, of what he calls the new socialism, Mr. De Man makes many valuable criticisms and constructive suggestions. Both as a soldier and as a thinker who has purged his mind of illusions, he speaks convincingly when he tells us, for example, that you cannot get men to kill each other without inspiring mutual hatred in them, or that the favorable influence of military discipline is at least balanced by its detrimental effect. One knows, too, that his general approval of what is called "industrial democracy" is not based on superficial reasoning. In short, there would appear to be a good deal of soundness and a good deal of rational hopefulness in those ideas of Mr. De Man's that have survived the process of "remaking."

His book is in large part a very able and acute dissection of European socialist thinking and motives before and during the war. The author's unsparing self-criticism lifts his work far above all ordinary idea-mongering, and gives it a literary value that will be appreciated by all persons of intellectual tastes and of sincere mind.

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